

Dotty Endre
Joan & Douglas
SENIOR

Emmeline Dowling
Joan Elias
Margaret Cummings

Margaret Mucklock
Ann Bieger
DO ME

Genevieve D'Andrea

Christman, Maxie

Caroline Knecht
Jan 13, 1933
R.H.H.S.

JANUARY

John J. Peters
Jan 13, 33
1933

Kate Piller

Grace Zimmerman

Margaret Cramer

Paula Blasse

J. FRIED

Anna H. H. H.

William Davis



The SENIOR DOME

JANUARY, 1933

Published by the Students of Richmond Hill High School

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MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

In June, 1932, Miss Beard sailed to England on sabbatical leave. The first half of the summer she studied in Oxford University; the second half, in Cambridge University. Then she traveled through the cathedral towns and Scotland before going to London with the intention of spending the fall there.

In the last letter I received from her—it was written at the Alexandra Hotel in London on August 31—she said:

"On the opening of the new term I wish to add my tribute of love and highest regard to the memory of Miss Lent. I know how she will be missed.

"Best wishes to all in the English department for a pleasant, successful term!"

It was characteristic of Miss Beard that she should be thinking of others, not of herself.

On the hillside behind Mentone along the French Riviera is the grave of a distinguished English historian, John Richard Green. On his tombstone is the inscription: "He died learning." A fitting epitaph for Miss Beard, who after more than forty years of distinguished service as an educator was still an eager, enthusiastic, youthful student would be, "She died learning."

Miss Beard had a keen intellect, a broad and thorough training, an indomitable will, and an unflagging interest in boys and girls, and the most effective methods of developing their abilities and characters. Throughout her many years in the classroom she was tireless in her search for better ways to present her subject and always had as her highest aim to teach young people to live and to serve.

In "Your Garden," a song dedicated to Mr. Isaac N. Failor, the first principal of Richmond Hill High School, Miss Beard wrote:

"This garden speaks of love and care,
And visions fair of future days,
When seeds once sown shall grow and bear
Such flowers as win the gardener's praise."

The seeds sown by Miss Beard will in the coming years ripen into a golden harvest of high thinking, right living, and service to others.

J. C. Tressler.

THAT MUTT

By
THELMA MAURER '34

Carter Donnerly drove buoyantly down Main Street. Carter was on his way to see a certain lady. Anything in his way moved quickly into a way of its own, with the exception of a small brown and yellow terrier. It held the road. Carter swore vigorously but softly under his breath. Carter possessed pride — a good deal of it was false, but nevertheless it was pride. The oath was accompanied by a not so soft screeching of brakes and a final noisy crash into a telegraph pole conveniently standing by.

"Whew! That mutt!", growled Carter, in an unpleasant mood. Who would be pleasant with a brand new smashed '8' on his hands? A sharp cry, accompanying a streak of flame and gold, that came from a store and dashed out to where the small brown and yellow bundle still stubbornly held the road, cut off any further exclamation. Then, as the bit of flame and gold came towards him carrying the squirming brown and yellow, Carter forgot the demolished '8', the certain lady. His face changed as if by a miracle, and from his lips came a fervent, "Oh,—lord!"

Thus they met.

Mary, for that was the name of the bit of flame and gold,—that Mutt, who went by the name of Tommy, and Carter were driving out into the country. The car, returned from the hands of a clever mechanic, ran smoothly. They searched out a little place under a willow, near the mossy banks of a happy little brook.

It was spring. The day was perfect. The time was perfect. The place was perfect;—and Carter was in love.

However, Tommy became heartily interested in a fly. The fly, as you can easily understand, was not so interested in Tommy. Therefore, friend fly betook himself across the happy brook. Tommy, not the least bit daunted, followed; but not so successfully; he fell in.

"Oh,—! Hoooo! Carter! Ohoo—! Tommy! Do something, Carter! Oh, do something!"

Up sprang Carter, at the bidding of his love, and ran swiftly to the brook, armed with a huge pole. He stepped on a rock and heroically attempted to fish out Tommy. The rock, unfortunately, and much to Carter's surprise, was slippery—he fell in! Meanwhile the bit of yellow and brown courageously swam to shore, (the water was only six inches deep) to be heartily welcomed by his lady.

Carter, quite dejected, hauled himself out of the mud. He gazed

down upon his wet and dirty figure; — the new white flannels, — a pretty mess! "That mutt!"

Carter was 'down in the dumps!' He hadn't seen Mary for three whole weeks. She and Tommy had a striking crush on a certain Mr. Galaway. Mr. Randolph J. P. Galaway, Jr., if you please, though Carter thought him somewhat of a sap, and would have forcefully said so had you asked him. But,—if you knew him you didn't ask him. It was one of those questions you didn't ask, if you know what I mean. So, you can see why Carter was 'down in the dumps,' so to speak, can't you?

Well, Carter decided he'd take a walk around the block. Mary lived just around there,—but that's quite beside the point! Carter was going for the walk. It just happened that Mr. Galaway was calling upon Mary, but then this was nothing new; Mr. Galaway usually was.

Tommy was chasing the cat on the front lawn while his Mistress sat on the porch with Mr. Galaway. Just as Carter approached the house, he was very much surprised to see Mr. Galaway rise and come towards the steps. Arriving here, the honorable gentleman suddenly somersaulted in the air and landed on his ear in the tulip bed, losing one of his shoes in the process. Mary broke into a scream and came running across the porch towards the unfortunate Randolph. Carter ran too, and was just in time to catch Mary, as she tripped over the cat running from friend Tommy, who thought it all great sport.

Forgetting the cat for the moment, however, Tommy turned every ounce of his small determined energy upon the hopping Mr. Galaway, who had arisen by this time and was thus jumping about on one foot. Tommy had never, in all his small life, seen anything so inviting as Mr. Galaway's gay besocked foot dangling in mid air, and promptly made a dive for it. He was as much surprised as the unhappy gentleman when the latter felt the small needle like teeth hanging onto his foot.

"Wow! Let go of me! Let me go!"

Two or three tugs (does it really matter how many?) and off came the sock. Out of the garden, down the walk, and out onto main street dashed the spectacular Mr. Galaway, and was gone from sight and mind, chased by Tommy, gay sock in mouth.

All this time Mary was safely held in Carter's arms, where she was destined to stay for the rest of time.

"That mutt," murmured Carter, as he kissed Mary.

"What, dear?" Asked Mary, snuggling closer.

"God bless him!"

ON PUDDLES

By
MARY ANDERSON '33

People have such entirely different ways of walking through puddles. The aristocrat, strolling with eyes rigidly forward, stops, gazes with annoyance at his feet and then once more starts on around the puddle. Such persons do not approve of puddles. The efficient business man barely notices it, steps over it in passing and hurries on his way. His kind of people has no time for puddles. The working man plows through it, emerges on the other side and walks on. A puddle to him is just another obstacle to be met grimly. A kindred spirit passes that way, notices the puddle, gazes whimsically at it, splashes through with evident enjoyment and goes on his way. Perhaps he thinks what a delightful subject for an essay a puddle would make.

I begin to think we do not appreciate puddles as we should. We are overjoyed when we can go swimming in large puddles, known to you as lakes or seas, yet we abhor the thought of a small puddle. Of course in a small puddle only our feet go swimming, but the principle is the same. I think in such cases we show a great deal of favoritism.

Children enjoy puddles, however. A puddle to them is an event. When I was a child, many long years ago, I distinctly remember the uses to which we put puddles. We sold them! One of us would address the other thus: "Could I interest you in a nice puddle to-day, Mrs. Smith? We just got them in fresh this morning and they're quite large and pretty."

Mrs. Smith would reply, very seriously, "Well, Mr. Jones, If you're sure they're fresh and not too stringy nor thin, I may take one. How much is that round one over there?" At which Mr. Jones would name a price, wrap up the article and Mrs. Smith would depart, a puddle in her hand and a look of satisfaction on her face.

Now that I have reached a venerable age when I am expected to know better, I put my puddles to a very different use. I rely upon them as a means of punishing persons who would otherwise go unscathed. As I walk down a rainy street I say to myself, with a wicked mien, "That puddle is my French teacher!" and straightway,—Splash! The French teacher is scattered all over the sidewalk. I proceed with no qualms of conscience whatsoever. The puddles don't mind at all and I'm sure the French teacher doesn't. I recommend this to all vengeful persons as a means of working off temper with harm to no one.

Puddles are handy things to have around for other reasons. One can sit and talk to a puddle for hours without its answering back once. It is best to do this, however, when few people are about. Incidentally talking to a puddle saves wear and tear on your friends and family. I know families who keep puddles handy at all times for this very reason.

One can also read essays to puddles. This, I think, is going a bit to far, however. Puddles have never harmed anyone and one shouldn't

torture them. As a matter of fact, puddles beautify the world. Nice, shiny puddles contribute considerably towards brightening up a gloomy day. A host of people go about day after day seeing only the gray skies and the rain. If they would only look more closely they would see bright shining spots all about them, shining pools of water, that are willing to do ever so many things for them if they would only take advantage of the fact. And we call these things puddles.

TO — — —

Beauty is poor and this I know,
For you yourself have told me so.
Your every move is made by car;
Your diet's gin and caviar.
Can beauty in a rich girl grow?
Ah no. Your eyes have lost their glow,
Your skin's no longer whitest snow,
Your charms and grace have fled afar:
Beauty is poor.
A dissipated poise you show.
True dignity fled long ago,
First to theatre, then to bar;
Flying, fleeting e'er you are;
Loveliness from this can't flow!
Beauty is poor.

J. Jean Hecht.

BOREAS

I am lord of the sleet and the snow;
I am God of the cold and the gale.
And from Hoemus with billowy blow
I scatter the drifts and the hail.
And I shake and I shudder the trees,
When I carry the frost to the plain,
And I rough and I riot the seas;
From earth all the warmth I do drain.
For I'm Lord of the cool and the cold
And I fly with the fiercest of wings
And earth to my liking I mould
As my voice thru the sky roars and rings.

J. Jean Hecht.

BLAH



THEATRE

Milly
Will's

RED HAIR TONIC

You, too, can have red hair. Gentlemen no longer look at blondes; they're "seeing red" these days. Ankles make us all look down—if your ankles are not what they should be, make us look up—at your

RED HAIR

You Can Have It In 10
Minutes



Size G

"Remember how we used to chug up the hill in the old bus?"

"Do I? Me for Sixes every-time!"

WE MEASURE YOUR FOOT-SIZE CORRECTLY

Havigorst, Inc.

FIRE NOTICE: Look around now and choose the nearest exit to your seat. In case of fire, walk (not run) to that exit. Do not try to beat your neighbor to the street.

FRED WILLOCK, Fire Commissioner

PROGRAM PRESENTATION HORRORS OF 1943

I. OVERTURE

Guest Conductor, Fred Graf

"Futuristic Fantasy" _____ Florence "Gershwin" James
Trombone Solo _____ Alphonsus Oswald

II. VAUDEVILLE

1. Harbold-Muller Dance Corps

Chorus:

Adele Shaw, Edna Petty, Clara Muenz, Marie Senniw, Ruth Mockel, Martha Priggen, Dotty Karl, Jack Redling, Arthur Didriksen, Irving Dochtman, Fred Holzapfel, Robert Repetti, Stephen Guty, Joseph Napoli.

2. "Mystic Magic" _____ T. D'Alessandra

3. "Warbling the Blues" _____ Terry Kerwin

4. "Acrobatic Ace" _____ H. J. Smith

5. "Nertzy Nymph" _____ Dot Stock

6. "Operatic Selections" _____ Phyllis Lockard

7. "Finale" _____ Entire Ensemble

III. FILM FEATURE

"Horrors of 1943"

CAST

Cinderella	_____	Bea Deutsch
Frankenstein	_____	A. Foltman
Dick Pop-Eye	_____	Harry Lucia
Cleopatra	_____	Edith De Bold
Eric the Ape	_____	Bill Funke
White Zombie	_____	William Huber
Butler	_____	Edward Weeks
Maid	_____	Julia Herzog
Chauffeur	_____	Milton Wackstein

Produced by BLAH Studios

Executives:

Boehler, George

Luthardt, Lois

Anderson, Mary

Hauptman, Anne

Written by _____ Rosabelle Mayflower

Elisabeth Koeniger

Staged by _____ William Schwenk

Directed by _____ John Brockman

BEAUTIFY
YOUR
HOME !

CALL THE

Hauptman
House

INTERIOR DECORATORS

Guaranteed

To Keep

Mothers-in-Law

In THEIR OWN Homes

CALL

AT

ONCE—

WE

KNOW

YOU'LL

NEVER

CALL

TWICE !

THANK YOUSE !

DINE

AND

DANCE

AT

Sheibel's
Night Club

Address: Underneath the Harlem Moon, somewhere on
Lenox Avenue

Have a spat with
the girl friend ?

LET

CORTY MEHL

and his

ROYAL ROWDIES

be your Musical Ambassadors
of Good Will at

NOISY GRILL

Abyssinia Samoa

(we hope)

—THE MGR.

Mary
Maletta
Winner of Smile Contest
GRINNINGLY
ENDORSES
Kurlynose
Toothpaste

HAVE you that
BABY
COMPLEXION?
Try one (or two)
Sold at
Dot Harrison's Studio
15 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS 15
To Treat
You
To Beauty

DRINK
Troemel's
Beer
AT
ALL DRUG STORES
AND BETTER
DEPARTMENT STORES
—5c Per Glass—

Review

A horror picture if there ever was one. New and very popular actress, Bea Deutsch, stars. Edith De Bold furnishes comedy as the alluring vamp. Harry Lucia is at his usual best as a nautical man and Artie Foltzman rises to fame as a second Boris Karloff. The Frankensteins, Erics, and White Zombies get together in a hair-raising story written as only Betty Koeniger can write a story. Julia Herzog, who plays the maid, is remindful of that old actress, Zasu Pitts.—We hope you like it!—

IV. NEWSREELS

Photographer Kenneth Klueg

SUBJECTS IN BRIEF

1. Senator Marwede Speaks Views on Abolition of Burlesques.
2. Alma Wasmuth, American, Writes German Novel.
3. President June Fried and Ex-President Dick Zurn at White house.
4. William Burrows, Anne Burns, and Adelaide Taft, Olympic Stars, Return Home.
5. Bob Hoffman Smashes Non-Stop Record Flight from New York to San Francisco.
6. French Ambassadors, Lois Luthardt, Returns on "Paris".
7. Mayor S. Kramer Leaves for Europe.

STAFF

Manager Morris Cohen
Treasurer Ethel Julius
Ballet Mistress Blanche de Vestern
Wardrobe Mistress Eleanor DiBelius
Stage Director Jerome Levy
Scenery Designer Helen Truhe

Ushers

H. Brown
T. Hellawell

S. Hirsch
V. Lupia

W. McClenahan

Exercise

YOUR JAWS

TAKE

A

CHAW

OF

Glessman Gum

3 Times a Day

AND

WRITE YOUR

CONGRESSMAN

ONCE A YEAR

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL
COMPLEXION

V I S I T

Madame V. Anderson's
Beauty Shoppe

FACE LIFTING OUR
SPECIALTY

(Have dropped only 2 in our
10 years' experience)

WHEN ON RODE(nt)
ISLAND DO AS THE
OTHER RATS DO
EAT — Savery Limburger
(Virginia Savery Dairy Products, Inc.)

AND—Lose your enemies— also your friends

Lawyers

ABRAHAM WHITE,
WHITE, AND WHITE

OFFICE HOURS:

9-5 every day except Tuesday,
Monday, Thursday, Wednesday,
Sunday, Friday, Saturday
and Holidays

OFFICE:
Bench No. 5 at the Battery
WE FIX IT FOR YOU

KEEP KISSABLE

Take Lessons at
Bauer Studios

LOBBY, R. H. H. S.
114 STREET
Assistants Misses

20-MINUTE CABS

Twenty minutes to get started.

Our drivers are careless, but
not careful, experienced, but
not crazy. Provide thrills
cheap — so why go to Coney
Island?

Drivers also sell insurance—
Take some before entering—
You can't go wrong with a
T. M. C.—Nor right, for that
matter!

STUDT CO.

Phone: O. G. 12345678910

Here and There

WITH

George Boehler

DID YOU KNOW THAT

Dr. George J. "Clamdigger" Bowdery, the famous
bacteriologist, has finally isolated the fatal burp
germ?

Larrupin' Lenny Loblein, the world's champion
heavyweight wrestler, threw his leading challenger,
Bone Bruisir Balasky before a capacity crowd at the
Madison Square Gardens? These two grapplers were
team-mates on the R. H. H. S. Wrestling Team way
back in 1932?

Monroe Arnow's latest stage success, a drama en-
titled "Minnie the Moocher" has been predicted a
greater hit than his last two immortal works which
blazed "The Great White Way" for months?

William (Pee-Wee) Turnbull, America's premier
jockey has surpassed the life's earnings of Earle Sande
by at least \$50,000?

Professor Bob Pokorny's latest invention, the com-
pressed food tablet, whereby one obtains a meal
for the week, month, or year, as he so desires, by
merely swallowing a pill similar to an aspirin tablet,
has finally been put on the market at an economical
price?

James Scherr, who has been recently appointed the
editor of the "Herald-Tribune", is the youngest edi-
tor this city has ever known? He started on his
meteoric rise to fame as a member of the "Domino"
staff, a R. H. H. S. publication.

Clifford Hess, noted explorer of the American Ar-
cheology Society, who has attempted to penetrate
the Dark Continent in one of its darkest spots, has
been unheard of for nine months? Since all other
searching parties have failed, a new and most effi-
cient one composed of H. Moses, R. Ward, F. Sturh-
ke, and Chas. B. Hoffman is starting out on the
man-hunt.

Tommy (Romeo) Patello has autographed more of
his pictures for his feminine movie fans than any
other four actors living today?

Catherine Priscilla Boice succeeds Miss Helene Saxe
MacLaughlin as Chairman of the Health Education
Department of R. H. H. S.?

Marion Heller has just had published another book
of poetry with illustrations by herself?

AFTER

Leaving the show

FOLLOW

The people with the dough

TO

Conklin's
RESTAURANT AND
GRILL

HOME COOKING (?????)

ARE YOU LOSING HAIR?

That Just isn't Done Anymore

SEE

MABEL BETHEL

Her Tonic Makes Hair Grow

—And How

Endorsed by

MARY HODDARD

ROBERTSON
ROADSTERIA

Look for the

Cinnamon Bun Syn

DELICIOUS WHATNOTS

Turn right off Jamaica Ave.

at 114th St.

(Mother Marie is a protege of

the Marion Walbancke

Home-Making Class)

BLAH THEATRE

What Women Will Wear

BY
Frim Gussack

WHEN

you are totally blind, don't
forget to visit

Losee and Meringolo

OPTOMETRISTS

OCULISTS

OPTICIANS

GUARANTEE

to guard your eyes against
further injury.

We'll be seeing you!

How to keep warm and yet maintain a slender waistline comes close to being woman's chief current problem. What with all this hockey and those nice, bleak week-ends, we grasp at anything warm, but a little thought can combine warmth with style.

Emphasized shoulders and sleeves automatically reduce the size of the waist, by contract. The new Peggy Doyle model comes to the rescue.

Suede vests and gilets of the tailored type make for smooth-fitting and snug protection across the back and chest. The Bea Deutsch creation is the last word.

A few miscellaneous examples of slim but warm fashions from shops about town are Edward's three piece knitted arrangement shown at the Janet Croatman shop; the smart woven sweater now appearing at the Zarro Salon affords something practical; and the Gerofsky "mannish" skirt is the answer to the one who aspires to masculine attire. Look around girls — there's no reason for your not being the last word in dress.

WANT TO SELL

APPLES ?

—Its Better Than Starving—

Earn Forty-Five to Fifty-Five
Dollars Per Week

(Signed) RICHARD BALL

Chairman

Unemployment Committee

IN 7 DAYS I CAN MAKE A MAN OF YOU!!

I WILL PUT SIX INCHES ON YOUR ARMS AND CHEST AND

INCREASE YOUR WEIGHT 50 — 100 POUNDS!

PROFS. MONSEES & BRESLOW

"The Muscle Builders"

WEAKLINGS OUR SPECIALTY

Excerpts From A Student's Diary

(Author's note—Some of the incidents are purely fiction; some, real. At any rate, they have been combined to present a picture of a student's reaction to his four-year high school course.)

Monday, February 4.—Well, now I'm a high school student, I went to new classes for the first time today. I think I'm going to like this place a lot, from the way the teachers acted. They treated us more like grown-ups than the teachers in 8B did. I saw some of the fellows today—Mike, Izzy, Sughey, Mel, and Arty. The rooms aren't new to me because I went to Annex 90 in grammar school. I got my program—algebra, English, civics, French. I've heard a lot of stories about algebra — that they give a lot of homework (I hope not). I saw the grammar school kids today after I got out of school. I can't see how I ever was one of them. I played handball with the infants and gee, did they look up to me. I'm a big shot with them now.

Tuesday, February 8.—I forgot to go to the French class today. I didn't know my program well enough and I thought I had a study period. Gee, I wonder what they'll do to me? I'm scared. Maybe they'll make me come to school and oh gosh—I've only been here one week. Well, what'll come will come.

Wednesday, February 13.—I went to Miss B———. Phew! I was surprised. All I had to do was put up a stiff argument, and now I'm through with that. Believe me, I'll see that I get to class from now on.

Wednesday, April 20.—Enjoyed a swell chalk fight in official class. As the teacher came in, she was hit. Two fellows got red cards. When I ducked in the wardrobe to escape getting hit, she came in. I was saved and I don't mean maybe.

Friday, May 7.—One of the girls from grammar school came over to me and asked me to come to a party. I said, "Nothing doing!" Those girls give me a pain. Why do they have to be in this?

Monday, September 9.—School started today. What a vacation I had! I have early session in Annex 56. The only trouble is that I have to get up very early and it's a bit of a walk to school. Now I'm used to High school a little bit. There isn't so much homework to do; that is, I don't find much.

Monday, September 23.—There's a cute girl in my English class, but what difference should it make to me? I'm off dames for a long while; that is, I hope so.

Wednesday, October 9.—I go to the main building for swimming. Nice pool. Maybe I'll try out for the swimming team when I get there.

Thursday, November 14.—Mel had to give a book report today. He didn't have a book so I told him a little about "We" by Lindy. We had to write our reports in the form of a letter. Here's how Mel started: "Dear Dot, I call you Dot to save time and space." The class

laughed a lot and Mel was embarrassed. He told me he may cut class tomorrow.

Friday, November 15.—Mel came to English class today. He didn't have enough nerve to stay out.

Friday, February 7.—I'm a big shot in the annex now. I'm older than a lot of kids, and they look up to me, especially in the P. T. class.

Wednesday, March 12.—Went to a basketball game in the Main Building. Guess I'll go out for the team when I get there. Some seniors (the rats) tried to bulldoze me when I asked one of them to pick up a coat while I was on the parallel bars. They asked me to name eight teachers in the Main and as I knew the name, I foiled the seniors.

Thursday, April 10.—I kidded around in study today and I was sent to Mr. Kanwit. Luckily, he was out to lunch and I got away with a detention which the clerk gave me. The big guys smoke. I don't like that.

Friday, April 18.—I went to Sylvia's house tonight. A streak of bad luck accompanied me. First, some ice-cream slipped on my trousers. Then when I drank coffee, I spilled some on her dress. What a dirty look her mother gave me. I bet I could win a prize in the "embarrassing letter" contest.

Monday, September 15.—A fourth termmer now. The Main Building is nice. What a crowd of fellows and girls; especially, girls. There seem to be about three girls to one fellow. I think I won't have much chance to see the other fellows.

Wednesday, December 24.—There's some girl whom I see a few times a week in the auditorium during study period. She's awfully sweet and cute. She's a class officer. I wish I could get introduced to her. Some girl in my geometry class always goes with her. I pointed her out to Frank. He said he'd get someone to introduce me to her. I hope so.

Monday, February 2.—In the fifth term now. I'll be darned. That girl is in two of my classes, Modern History, and French. I'll be able to meet her someday, now.

Wednesday, March 18.—I know a lot of people now. School isn't so bad. I'm having a lot of trouble with Speech 5. I'm afraid of flunking.

Thursday, April 9.—Well, I became acquainted with that girl. In the history class I told her I had forgotten my French assignment (I really hadn't) and she was very nice about giving it to me. That's how I started a speaking acquaintance with her.

Tuesday, June 16.—I passed Speech 5. Thank heavens. Here it is June and a whole summer ahead of me.

Tuesday, September 22.—School started today, a week later than usual because of the infantile paralysis epidemic. After a rather boring summer, it was a relief to get back. There was plenty of fun when I met the other fellows today. That is the great part of school life—making friends. She's in none of my classes. Disappointed. I saw her

once this summer—from across the street. It's hard to forget her, and I wish I could.

Monday, November 9.—I told Frank, who's in one of her classes, to give her a poem I wrote about her which I called "My Ideal". I hope she likes it.

Monday, November 16.—The Junior Prom is going to be held this Saturday night. I'm going. I asked her, last Friday, if she'd dance with me if she came and she said she would. I'm glad.

Sunday, November 22.—What a flop! I forgot everything I knew about dancing when I went on the floor. Not only that, but she didn't come. I'm going to quit going after her. I haven't got a chance. She goes around with fellows much older than I.

Wednesday, January 6.—The club I organized had its first meeting. I was chosen Secretary. Disappointed. Hoped I'd be president. No use kicking.

Wednesday, March 9.—Things are going pretty good with me. She's in my English class. I talk with her now and then. We also go to the same dramatic class.

Thursday, April 14.—The club which I formed is becoming one of the biggest clubs in the school. It's called, "Open Forum." I'm glad about that.

Friday, May 13.—I didn't make Arista. It's the second time I've tried. I don't think it's fair. I had as many activities and services as anyone else who was admitted this term. Of course, I'd like to get in, but I'm getting pretty disgusted with the whole affair. I go to dances and I'm trying to get into some social set.

Monday, June 27.—Term's over. I'll be a senior next term and then — college. I don't know whether to be happy or sorry that I'm leaving high school.

Monday, September 12.—Back in harness. Got stuck as far as official teacher is concerned. That girl is in my French and English classes. Still thinking of her—I ought to be shot for doing so.

Wednesday, October 12.—Elected president of Open Forum.

Thursday, October 20.—Elected secretary of Press Club. I go to all the dances these days. Not so timid when with members of the feminine sex as I once was. Meet them and forget them — that's what a fellow's motto ought to be.

Friday, November 18.—Took her to a dance up to school. She doesn't go to my school.

Wednesday, December 1.—Arista assembly today. I made Arista. Went up on platform. Mr. Dann gave me pin. Another wish of mine fulfilled.

Monday, December 12.—Got my card. Made out pretty well in my marks. My application is in for C. C. N. Y.

Friday, January 13.—Took Ruth to Class Night. Had Swell time. Just a few more weeks. Maybe College isn't so good as it is sup-

posed to be? What then? Just out of luck. Oh, what's the difference. I'm tired—going to bed.

Friday, January 27.—Went to Senior Prom. What a time—simply swell. Went to some other place after the Prom ended.

Thursday, February 2.—Commencement tonight. Will I win any prizes? I'm all nervous and what not. I'm actually about to leave. Some of the teachers were swell this term. Being a senior in high school was pretty soft, but how will it be where I'm going? I don't know what's the matter—there's a funny feeling in my heart. I better wipe my eyeglasses, I can't see so well. Things are misty—it must be the fog—Joe says there is no fog—what's the difference? I better start getting dressed—going to wear a tuxedo—second time in my life.

LONG JOHN SILVER

(as told by Jim Hawkins)

This seafaring man with a wooden leg
Who knew wine or rum in bottle or keg;
This man who so fearfully, horribly made
Captain Billy Bones so much afraid,
'Twas he, when I was in the apple barrel
Started a plot that led to a quarrel.
But 'twas he, who, on our treasure trip,
Served so well as the cook of the ship.
But he was none the less a cunning debater
And more than once a terrible traitor.
One time he'd be on our good side
And again in the Pirates he'd confide.
He was a hearty worker, though,
And went to his work with a great "heave ho."
He was a very courageous man
And faced a black spot as nobody can.
Whenever he went in quest of the treasure
It was the very greatest pleasure
To see him so calmly hopping around
Fearless, and boldly holding his ground,
Facing those pirates enraged with greed
Whom he had promised so much for each deed;
But in the end this hypocrisy showed
In such a way as need not be "knowned."

Alan Brooks, '36.



Richmond Hill Dictionary

A

Arista:—A group to which many aspire and few attain. See Service.

Arnow:—See I

Assembly:—A blessing in disguise that makes cutting of certain specified periods legal.

B

Bowdery:—Synonym for A. Alas! The good die young.

Breakdown:—Easiest excuse to give Miss Kiso for lateness.

C

Checkup:—Protracted agony devised to keep us in school until the very last minute.

Chemistry:—A somnolent period during which many strange things are heard, believed, and not remembered. See Clegg.

Clegg:—See chemistry.

Cut:—An operation performed on certain periods, notably "gym." Very often painful—not to the period but to the pupil.

D

Detention:—The "boogey-man" of our school lives.

Dome:—The Rogues' Gallery of the Seniors.

Domino:—Something to spend your spare nickel on every Friday.

E

Elevator:—A heavenly mode of ascent for the elect only

Experiment:—A chemical puzzle arranged by somebody who knows but won't tell to prove something we don't know.

F

Faculty:—An organization of teachers into an august group which menaces the student body. Also, the second part of the expression—Mr. Dann, faculty, and fellow students.

Freshman:—A recent graduate from the nursery who carries a briefcase.

G

Girls:—The brighter and better half of our student body.

Got a pass?—See Traffic Squad.

H

Homemaking:—A new way of getting .5 by serving tea for the faculty.

I

I:—See Arnow.

Imagination:—What we have when we write a pass to the Emergency Room.

J

James:—Potential competition for Bowdery.

K

Knowledge:—Which the Seniors hope to have by Regents time.

L

Lexicographers:—The compilers of this dictionary.

Lunch Counter:—A battle for the survival of the fittest where only the brave deserve their fare.

M

Macbeth:—The tragedy of the Senior class.

Myth:—Most of our excuses.

N

Nil:—Synonymous for the state of our intellect most of the time.

O

Orchestra:—A good excuse for attending every assembly.

Oration:—The curse of assemblies and graduation audiences that are doomed to hear them.

Old Friends:—The people that prolong assembly exercises and so shorten our periods.

P

Pony:—An animal tractable if domesticated but dangerous if ridden wild.

Q

Quiz:—A terrifying fusillade of questions fired at close range against which we cannot protect ourselves.

Quill:—A select group of scribblers.

R

Red Card:—Innocent little pink tickets that put us on the black list.

Regents:—The Powers That Be, upon whom depends our graduation.

S

School Spirit:—Something that haunts you into paying for a G. O. ticket.

Swenson, Miss:—See zero.

Sword:—A society of lemons.

T

Teachers:—Animated interrogation points. Habitat: R. H. H. S.

Traffic Squad:—See "Got a pass."

U

Us:—The Senior Class, at your service.

V

Vergil:—An interesting Latin gentleman. He is not the author of any English translation.

W

Worry:—A malady that attacks Seniors in June and January.

X

X:—Like most of our studiousness, an unknown quantity.

Y

You:—Who are wasting your time reading this.

Z

Zero:—See Miss Swenson.

Zero:—Needs no explanation in school. At home it's time to see the janitor.

Who's Who In The Senior Class

BOYS

GIRLS

Harry Brown.....	Most Popular	Bea Deutsch
Sid Hirsch.....	Best Looking	Martha Priggen
George Losee.....	Cutest	Dot Stock
Stanley Muir.....	Best Dresser	Frim Gussack
Arty Folterman.....	Best Dancer	Ruth Muller
George Losee.....	Nicest Smile	Eleanor Dibelius
Karl Balasky.....	Most Versatile	Lois Luthardt
Monroe Arnow.....	Class Poet	Betty Koeniger
Harry Lucia.....	Class Singer	Phyllis Lockard
George Bowdery.....	Class Orator	June Fried
Karl Balasky.....	Class Athlete	Helen J. Smith
Monroe Arnow.....	Class Author	Betty Koeniger
Harry Brown.....	Nicest Personality	Bea Deutsch
Sid Hirsch.....	Laziest	Doris Bauer
Abe White.....	Noisiest	Doris Bauer
Fred Willock.....	Wrigley's Best Advertisement.....	Helen Novak
Carew LeBlanc.....	Most Unassuming	Rosemarie Edwards
Abe White.....	Teachers' Trial	Doris Bauer
George Bowdery.....	Most Conscientious	Alma Wasmuth
Corty Mehl.....	Happy-go-lucky	Dot Stock
Fred Holzapfel.....	Most Dignified	Rosmarie Edwards
Monroe Arnow.....	Best Line	Edith DeBold
Fred Willock.....	Best Sport	Dot Stock
George Losee.....	Most Cheerful	Helen Truhe
Arthur Didriksen.....	Dreamiest	Helen Kiefer
Bob Pokorny.....	Wittiest	Janet Croatman
George Bowdery.....	Done Most for Richmond Hill.....	Bea Deutsch

ALTMAN, MORRIS

Former Activities in Boys' and Haaren High Schools. Patrol Squad. Stamp Club. Interclass Basketball. **Domino** Captain. But Genius must be born, and never can be bought.

ANDERSON, MARY

Senior and Junior Arista. Blue Cards. President Latin Club. Dramatics. Pan-American Club. English Honors and Commendations (2). Senior P. S. A. L. Swimming Pin and Chevrons. Caucus Delegate. **Dome** Contributor. No matter what she does, she does it well.

ANDERSON, VIOLA (ANDY)

Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Chevrons. The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.

APOLLO, ANTOINETTE (ANNE)

Chevrons. Blue Cards. Walking Club. She touched nothing that she did not adorn.

ARNOW, MONROE

Football, '31. **Dome** and **Domino** Contributor. Quill. Traffic. Bacteriologist Club. English Honor Class 8. With envenomed tongue blasting the fame of harmless men.

BALASKY, KARL (KAY)

Football, '30, '31, '32. Wrestling, '29, '30, '31, '32. Track, '32. J. V. Football, '29. Interclass Swimming. Art Clubs. Dramatics. Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown. Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown. *athlete*

BALL, RICHARD (DICK)

Domino Captain. Lunch Room Squad. Commercial Club. Engineering Club. Blue Cards. Thy designs and labors and aspirations are thy only friends.

**BAUER, DORIS**

Chevrons. Swimming pins. Blue Cards. Delegate to Caucus (4). P.S.A.L. Medals. Swimming Medals. Fair nymphs and well dressed youths around her shone, But every eye was fixed on her alone.

BAUER, JOHN

Interclass Baseball and Basketball. Blue Cards. Self-denial Captain. An affable and courteous gentleman.

BAVETTA, GIACOMINA (JACKY)

Blue Cards. Cast of Pinafore. Cast of Mikado. Choral Training Concerts. Spanish Club. Audubon Society. Better late than never.

BETHEL, MABEL

Chevrons. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Walking Club. In framing artists art hath thus decreed To make some good, but others to exceed.

BIRK, CHRISTINE (CHRIS)

Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Pins. Junior Swimming Pin. Girls Baseball. R. for Champion Team '30. Hearth Stone Club. Walking Club. Basketball. Captainball. She mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth.

BOEHLER, GEORGE

Senior and Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins (7). Assistant Manager Track '32. Interclass Basketball and Baseball, '30, '31, '32. Membership Committee Arista. English Honor Class 7 and 8. Class Prophecy Committee. **Domino** Captain. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. Caucus Delegate (3). Plain without pomp. And rich without a show.

BOHLEN, DORIS

English Honor Class 8, Delegate to Caucus. Ass't. Editor Classbook. Art Editor English Class Paper. Audubon Society. Chevrons. Swimming. A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.

BOICE, CATHERINE (CAY)

Sword Society. Championship Basketball. Hockey and Captainball. Swimming Cup. Swimming Team. Secretary to Miss McLaughlin. Ass't. Poll Instructor. P.S.A.L. Medals. Chevrons. School Letters. Usher at Assembly and Commencement. Knocks and Boosts Committee. Leader's Club. Editor Class Book.

Vivacity is the gift of women.

BORRELLI, MADELINE

Captain Ball, Tennis, Walking, Swimming, Basketball, Chevrons, P.S.A.L. Medals. Caucus Delegate, Secretary to Miss Leete, Blue Cards.

Such is the weighty swiftness of your mind

That, like the earth's, it leaves the sense behind.

BOWDERY, GEORGE J.

Boy Leader Senior Arista, '32. Junior Arista, Scholarship pins (7). Member Student Board, '32. Knocks and Boosts Committee, Dramatics (2 terms), Christmas Play, '31. Vice President Quill, '32. Blue Cards. English commendation (4). N. Y. Times' Oratorical Prize, '32. English Honor Class 8.

Tis not in mortals to command success—

But we'll do more; we'll deserve it.

BRESLOW, DAVID (DAVE)

Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin (7). Blue Cards. Interclass Basketball and Baseball. Treasurer, German Club. History Club. Chemistry Club. President Ping-Pong Club. Secretary to Mr. Hoffman. Life Saving. Associate Editor Classbook. Class Night Committee.

A sharp-witted youth, grave, thoughtful, and reserved among his mates.

BREWER, ELEANOR (BILLIE)

Secretary to Miss Beard, English Commendation. Blue Cards, G. O. Captain. Bridge Club. Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Medals, Hockey Club. Walking Club. Swimming Club. Captainball Club.

A smile secures the wounding of a frown.

BROCKMAN, JOHN (JACK)

Scholarship Pin. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards (5). Engineering Club.

The reason firm, the temperate will.

BROEDEL, EDITH

Secretary in General Office, Secretary to Mr. Campbell. Swimming Chevrons.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

**BROWN, HARRY**

Football Varsity, '32, J. V., '30. Track, '31. Two Major and Two Minor R's. Prom Committee. Executive Committee. Finance Committee. Secretary Senior Class. Interclass Debate Team. Leaders' Club (6). Blue Cards.

When one is truly in love, he not only says it, but shows it.

BRZOWSKI, EMIL (AIM)

Baseball. Commercial Club. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad (90). Junior Arista. Domino Captain. He burns the midnight oil.

BURGER, ROSALIE

English Commendation. Caucus Delegate. P.S.A.L. Medals. Chevrons Swimming. Dancing. Tennis. High erected thoughts sealed in a heart of courtesy.

BURKE, AGNES

Swimming. Hockey. Walking. Captainball. Basketball. Girl Reserves Club. Chevrons. G. O. Captain.

A maiden hath no tongue but thought.

BURKHARD, FRIEDA (FRITZIE)

Sec. to Mr. Tressler. Senior and Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Swimming Pins. Captainball. Basketball. Dancing Chevrons. Sec. of German Club. Woman's at best a contradiction still.

BURNS, ANNE

Sword Society. 36 Chevrons. 10 P.S.A.L. Medals. 5 P.S.A.L. Swimming Pins. 5 Red Cross Swimming Pins. Junior and Senior Life Saving. Sharpshooter in Rifle. Basketball. Baseball and Captainball Teams.

I came, saw, and overcame.

BURROWS, WILLIAM (BUZZ)

Interclass Baseball, Basketball. Soccer and Swimming. Basketball Club. Domino Captain. Blue Cards. English Commendations. History Club.

His time is forever, everywhere his place.

CALDERON, BELLE (BILL)

Domino Reporter. Sec. History Club. Ass't in General Office. Ass't in Principal's Office. Junior Arista(4). Blue Cards. Chevrons. Hockey. Basketball. Swimming.

Showing that if a good face is a letter of recommendation, A good heart is a letter of credit.

CHESON, ETHEL (VAL)

Dome and Domino Captain (90). Spanish Club. French Club. Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Callaway. Walking Club. Tennis. Swimming Pins. Chevrons. P. S. A. L.

But there's a good time coming.

CHRISTIE, ROBERT

Editor Class Magazine. Interclass Soccer Numerals '28. Caucus Delegate. Secretary Boys' P. T. Dept. Sec. to Mr. Collins and Mr. Thomas. Class Sec. to Miss McKelvy. Mr. Wolbach. Print Shop '30, '31. Blue Cards. Self-denial. Dome and Domino Captains.

He is a gentleman from sole to crown.

COHEN, MORRIS (MOE)

Print Shop. Domino Sales. Miss Leete's Office. Blue Cards.

Were all my years but senior.

COHN, ROSALIND

Blue Cards. Sec. to Miss Kiso. Swimming Chevrons. Girl Reserve Club. Spanish Club. Dome Captain.

And still care not a pin
What they said or may say!

CONBOY, JOSEPH

Interclass Baseball. Basketball. Soccer. Blue Cards. Basketball Club. Swimming and History Clubs. Sec. to Mr. Collins. Sec. to Miss Robeson. Domino Captain. Soccer '29. J. V. Baseball.

St. Patrick was a gentleman
Who came of decent people.

CONKLIN, EDITH

Senior and Junior Arista. Sec. to Miss Windecker. Blue Cards. Scholarship Pins. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pins. Swimming Pin. English 8 Honor Class. French Club. Latin Club. Chairman Who's Who. Duty in Miss Leete's office.

A little foolery governs the whole world.

**CONSTABLE, MATTHEW**

Interclass Baseball. Soccer, Basketball. Blue Cards. Architectural Club.

You too proceed! Make falling
arts your care;
Erect new wonders and the old
repair.

COTE, CHARLES

Championship Interclass Baseball '29. Class Numerals. Blue Cards. Interclass Soccer.

Is not this a rare fellow?

COTICCHIO, PAULINE

Blue Cards. Commercial Club. Sec. to Mr. Sommerfield. Sec. to Mr. Kerling. Domino Captain. Chevrons. Dome Captain. A face with gladness overspread, Soft smiles, by human kindness bred.

COULTON, EDITH

Junior and Senior Arista. English 7 and 8 Honor Classes. Scholarship Pins (5). Domino Captain. Program Committee. Blue Cards. Office Duty Miss Leete. Office Duty Mr. Stevenson (56). Caucus Delegates. Sec. Miss Dithridge.

To be simple is to be silent.

CROATMAN, JANET

Junior Arista. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Caucus Delegate (4). Sec. Sixth Term Class. English Honor 7. Who's Who Committee.

As clear as a whistle.

D'ALESSANDRO, THERESA (TERRY)

Chevrons. Blue Cards. Program Committee. Dome and Domino Captain. Student Leader Speech 5. Member Stage Committee '31 and '32. Publisher English Class Book. Self-denial Captain. Sec. to Miss Schlachter.

There is always work, and tools
to work withal.

DANNHAUSER, FRANK

Spanish Club. '30, '31, '32. Wrestling Team '30, '31, '32. Swimming Team '31. Service Squad '30, '31, '32.

God made the country and man
made the town.

DAVIS, FLOYD

Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Interclass Basketball and Baseball. Baseball Club (2 years), Pinafore. Spring Festival of Music. Orchestra. Choral Training. Blue Cards. Cafeteria Squad. Library Assistant. Publisher of Classbook.

Wise to resolve and patient to perform.

DAVIS, THOMAS

Camera Club. Craft Club. Blue Cards. Interclass Golf '30. Traffic Squad (90).

Hail, fellow, well met!

DAWSON, AUDREY

Spanish Club. Blue Cards.

Ah, when a man is in the case
You know all other things give place.

DeBOLD, EDITH

Junior Arista. Chevrons (Captainball, Swimming, Walking). P.S.A.L. Medal. Scholarship Pin. Dramatics. Choral Training. "Pinafore", "Mikado", "Pirates of Penzance". Knocks and Boosts Com. Class Night Com. English Honor 7 and 8. Editor Classbook. Spring Concerts '31 and '32.

Remaining fresh and green the year round.

DeDOMENICO, ELIZABETH (BETTY)

Pan American Club. Spanish Club. Newman Club. Swimming Pins. Captainball. Basketball. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Sec. to Miss Buttice.

Her actions speak stronger than my pen.

DeFORGE, GWENDOLYN

Student Leader 4th Term. General Office Duty. Blue Cards. English Commendations. Delegate to Caucus. Domino and Self-denial Captain.

How far that little candle throws its beams.

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

DEUTSCH, BEATRICE (BEATY)

Vice Pres. G. O. 9-32-1-33. Girl Leader and Secretary Senior Arista. Quill, President 7th and 4th Term Classes. Vice-President G. O. Annex 90 3rd Term. Class Nite Committee. Representative for R.H.H.S. to Red Cross. Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins (5). Chairman Spring concert '32. English 7 and 8 Honor Class Spring Play '31 and Christmas play '31.

Preserving the sweetness of proportion and
Expressing itself beyond expression.

**DeVESTERN, BLANCHE**

Scholarship Pins. Red Cross Swimming Pins. 6 P.S.A.L. Swimming Pins. Blue Cards. P.S.A.L. Athletic Pins. "R" Pin. Chevrons (Basketball, Captainball, Tennis, Swimming, Dancing). Minor Letters. Program Committee. Dome Captain. Caucus Delegate.

I was born to other things.

DIBELIUS, ELEANOR

Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Sec. G. O. Annex 90. Vice Pres. 4th Term Class. Senior Prom Committee. Sec. to Mr. Ullman.

Charms strike the sight,
But merit wins the soul.

DIDRIKSEN, ARTHUR (DIDDY)

Open Forum, Patrol Squad. Sec. to Miss Gilliland. Poster Club. Orchestra. Sketch Club. Inter-Class Baseball, '29. Blue Cards. The greater courtesy, the greater man.

DIGIACOMO, VINCENT (DIGI)

Dome. Domino. G. O. Captain. Art Club. Guard Duty (Cafeteria and Hall) Choral Training. Interclass Soccer. Blue Cards. Pirates of Penzance. Spring Concert '32.

Oh, I am stabbed with laughter.

DOCHTERMANN, CHARLES (DOC)

Interclass Baseball, '29. Rifle Club '32. Stamp Club. P.S.A.L. Awards Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista.

I worked with patience.

DOYLE, MARGARET (PEGGY)

Sec. to Dr. Thomas. Junior Arista. President Glee (90) P. S. A. L. Medals. Class Nite Committee. Latin Club. Chevrons. Blue cards. Poster Award. Basketball. Captainball. Class Nite Committee. Latin Club. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Poster Award. Basketball. Captainball.

What? Fair and young, and faithful too?

A miracle if this be true!

DRUCE, ADELE

Sec. to Dr. Corson. Blue Cards. Choral Training. Orchestra. Spring Concert, '31. Dome Captain. Domino Captain. Music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory.

DUNCKELMAN, RUTH

Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrans. Sec. to Miss Manfred and Miss MacKay. Hearthstone Club. **Domino** Captain.

The holy calm that comes of heavenly musing.

EDWARDS, BERNADETTE (BERNIE)

Chevrans. Newman Club. Hearthstone Club. Sec. to Miss MacKay. Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Sec. to Miss Hickey. **Domino** Captain.

Peace is always beautiful.

EDWARDS, ROSEMARIE

Sword, P.S.A.L. Pins. Swimming Pins. Basketball. Captainball Teams. Tennis. Riding. Hockey. Sharp Shooter. Blue Cards.

To live in hearts we leave behind.

Is not to die.

EISEN, MILDRED

Blue Cards. Swimming. Basketball. Captainball. Baseball Chevrans. Junior Arista. Championship "R" in Baseball.

What is beautiful is good, and who is good will also soon be beautiful.

EKHARDT, WINIFRED (WIN)

Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Sec. to Miss Manfred, Miss Galbraith, Miss Kiso. Blue Cards. Chevrans. Editor of classbook (3). Editor (Ass't) Classbook (6). English Commendation. Sec. Latin Club. Newman Club. The march of intellect.

END, MARVIN

Engineering Club. Print Shop (2 years). **Domino** Captain. Inter-Class Baseball '32. Interclass Baseball '30. Interclub Basketball '32. Blue Cards.

Better a bad excuse than none at all.

FEINSOD, SABINA

Blue Cards. Chevrans. Swimming. Captainball. Tennis. Open Forum. Pan-American Club. Study Hall Proctor. Secretarial work for Miss Konigsberg.

Silence more beautiful than song.

**FERDINAND, RITA (RE)**

Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Swimming Chevrans. Blue Cards. Editor-in-chief Classbook. English Honor Class 8.

The sweet converse of an innocent mind.

FEUER, BEATRICE (BEBE)

Secretary to Miss Read. Class Sec. to Dr. Corson. Girl Reserves. Pan American Club. Captain Ball. Swimming. Dancing. Chevrans. Blue Cards.

And I learned about women from her.

FLYNN, EDNA

Chevrans. Sec. to Mr. Collins. Sec. to Mr. Sommerfield.

Let us have peace.

FLYNN, ETHEL

Dancing and Swimming Chevrans. P.S.A.L. Swimming Medals. **Dome** Captain. **Domino** Captain. Captainball Chevrans. Blue Cards.

Kindness is wisdom.

FOLTERMAN, ARTHUR (ARTIE)

Interclass Soccer '27. Interclass Baseball '28. Interclass Basketball '32. Hall Patrol '32 and '33.

A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men!

FONAL, EDWARD

Interclass Baseball '29, '31. Interclass Soccer '29. Interclass Basketball '30 and '31. **Domino** Captain. Blue Cards. Self-denial Captain.

Deeds, not words.

FRIED, JUNE

President 8th term Class. Treasurer 7th term Class. President 6th term Class. President Poster Club (2 terms). Vice Pres., Sec. Sketch Club. Sec. Emergency Board. Scholarship Pins. Junior and Senior Arista. Work for Mr. Dann, Miss Johnston, Mr. Wagler. Cafeteria Improvement Committee. **Dome** Board (4 terms). Washington Irving and Metropolitan Art Museum Scholarships.

In joys, in grief, in triumph, in retreat,

Great always, without aiming to be great.

FUNKE, WILLIAM

Football, '30, '31, '32 Wrestling '30. Interclass Basketball, '30, '31. Traffic Squad. **Domino** Captain. Blue Cards.

The brave deserve the lovely — every woman may be won.

GALLAGHER, JOHN (JOHNNY)

Sports Editor and Annex editor of **Domino**. Newman Club. Press Club. Minor Letters. Cross Country Team, '31. Track, '32. Golf Manager Fall '32. R. H. H. S. Correspondent for Leader Observer. Asst. Gym. Sec. Printing Squad. Ushers Squad. His words, like many nimble and airy servitors, Trip about him at command.

GATELY, ROBERT

Service Squad. Interclass Basketball. Architecture Club. Engineering Club. Swimming Team. **Dome** Captain. Leaders Club. Caucus Delegate. P. S. A. L. Pins.

Let them call it mischief;
When it's past and prospered,
'twill be virtue.

GELUSO, SEBASTIAN (BEN)

Orchestra (29-32) Junior Arista. Varsity Rifle Team, '31, '32. Expert and Distinguished Rifleman. Interclass Baseball Championship '29. Interclass Basketball. Dupont Championship, '32. P. S. A. L. Rifle and Athletic Awards. Service Squad. Finance Committee. Major and Minor Letters. Blue Cards.

Bravery never goes out of fashion.

GEROFSKY, MIRIAM

Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Kiso. Secretary to Mr. Dann. Swimming Pins. P. S. A. L. Pins. Caucus Delegate. Captainball Chevrons. Basketball Chevrons. **Dome** and **Domino** Captains. Must Life all labor be?

GIBLIN, JOHN (GIBBIE)

Rifle Club. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Interclass Basketball and Baseball. Assistant to Miss Leete. Virtue is its own reward.

GILMARTIN, ALICE

Sec. to Mr. Tressler (2 years). Girl Reserves. Commercial Club. Newman Club. Sec. Hearthstone Club (2). Chevrons. Swimming. Blue Cards. I am in earnest.

**GLESSMAN, OTTILIE**

Junior Arista. Swimming. Basketball. Scholarship. Hockey. Captainball. Blue Cards. Dancing. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals.

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye than in twenty of their swords.

GOLDMAN, HAROLD (HARRY)

Print Squad. President and Vice President and Treasurer of Philatelic Society. Class Club. Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Interclass Baseball and Soccer. **Domino** Floor Manager.

Rome was not built in a day.

GOLDMAN, PHILIP (GOLDIE)

Interclass Baseball and Basketball. Glee Club. Spring Concerts. Pinafore. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Sec. History Club. P. S. A. L. Awards. Open Forum. Stamp Club. Christmas Play Cast. Class Book Editor.

I loaf and invite my soul.

GOTTLOCK, GEORGE

Interclass Soccer. Baseball. P. S. A. L. Pin.

Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies.

GRAF, FRED

"Mikado." "Pinafore." Concerts '31, '32. Glee Club. Orchestra. Service Squad.

This disease of modern life.

GRIEGER, GEORGE

Orchestra (2 yrs). Band. Interclass Baseball. Soccer. Basketball. Rifle Club. Model Club. Traffic.

Young fellows will be young fellows.

GRITMON, GEORGE

Self-denial Captain. **Dome** Captain. Orchestra (4 yrs.). Football '32. Captain Interclass Baseball '29. Interclass Soccer. Basketball. Hall Guard. Wrestling, '31, '32.

A mother's pride, a father's joy.

GROTH, FLORENCE

Junior Arista. Scholarship pins. (4). Sec. to Mr. Foerster. Chevrons. French Club. Girl Reserves. Blue Cards. Caucus Delegate. English Honor Class 8. The shell must break before the bird can fly.

GUALTIERE, GEORGE (GREG)

Press Club. Blue Cards. Interclass Soccer. Baseball and Basketball. Minor Letters. **Dome** and **Domino** Captains. Wisdom he has and add to his wisdom courage.

GUSSACK, FRIMALIE (FRIM)

Knocks and Boosts Committee. Junior and Senior Arista. Sec. in General Office. Floor Manager of **Dome**. English Commendations. English Honor Class 7. Asst. Classbook Editor. Caucus Delegate. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Pins. Scholarship Pins. Blue Cards.

A fair lady garmented in the light of her own beauty.

GUSTAFSON, ROBERT (GUS)

Blue Cards. **Domino** Captain. Print Shop. Sec. Model Club '30. Sec. Engineering Club, '32. Student Leader (2). Cross Country '30. Interclass Basketball, '31.

Truth is such a precious article
Let us economize in its use.

GUTY, STEPHEN (STEVE)

Blue Cards. N. R. A. Pro-Marksmen Pin. English Honor Class 8. A man of polite learning and of liberal education.

HADDAD, MARY

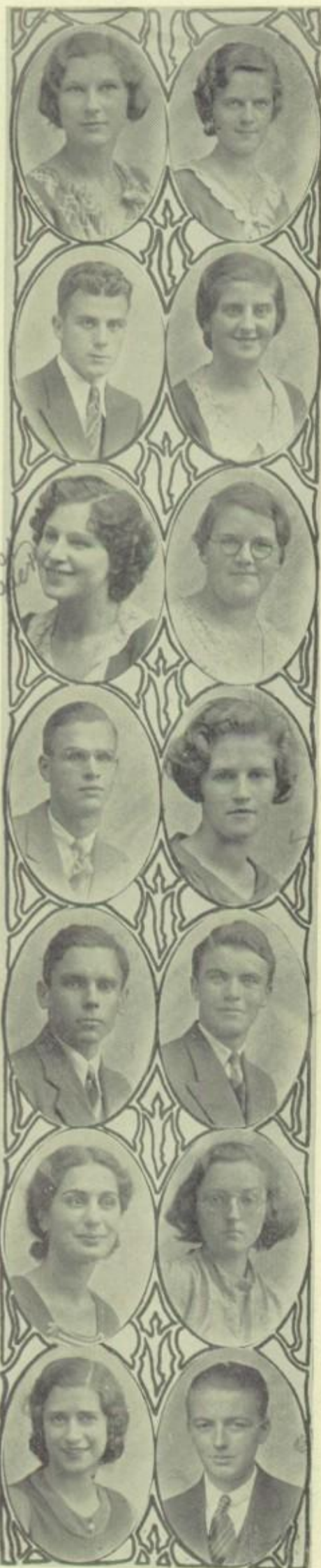
Blue Cards. Swimming and Captainball Chevrons. Tennis Club 56. Sec. to Mr. Ullman. Dramatics. Property Committee. Sword. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Christmas Play '31.

The trick of singularity.

HARBOLD, DOLORES (DEE)

Medals. Captain Ball and Basketball Championship. Leaders' Club. Sec. to Miss MacLaughlin. Dancing Class. Baseball Team. Minor Letters. Tennis. Usher in Assembly.

The lofty oak from a small acorn grows.

**HARRISON, DOROTHY (DOT)**

Tennis. Swimming. Basketball. Captain Ball, and Leaders' Club Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pins. Caucus Delegate. Blue Cards. All nature wears one universal smile.

HAUPTMAN, ANNE (HONEY)

Vice-President Girl Reserves. English Honor 8. English Commendation. Delegate to Caucus '29. Sec. to Miss Barber. Sec. to Miss Read. Class Prophecy Committee. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Pin. Usher. Blue Cards.

I do but sing because I must.

HAVIGHORST, RUTH (HAVEY)

Sec. to Miss Koch. Mr. Kerling (2 terms). Blue Cards. Major R. Minor Letters. Champion Captain Ball Teams. Champion Basketball Teams. Runner-up Teams. Swimming Pins. P. S. A. L. Medals. Chevrons. **Domino** Captain.

Health is a vital principle of bliss

And exercise of health.

HEISEL, RUTH

Junior Arista. Spanish Club (5). President Spanish Club. Sec. to Miss Johnston. G. O. Delegate. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Columbine Club. Pan American Club. Newman Club.

Yet a little while, and all your woes are past.

HELLAWELL, THOMAS

Good Hands Riding Cup. Red Cross Senior Life Saver. Vice President Pan American Club. J. V. Football '29. Glee Club '29. Newman Club. New York American swimming medal. **Domino** Staff. Captain Service Squad. Press Club. Usher. Riding Club '30, '31, '32. Student Correspondent Ridgewood Times. We are two travelers, Roger and I.

Roger is my horse.

HELLER, MARION

Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Quill. Sketch Club 2 years.

The conscious utterance of thought is art.

HENRY, EDMUND

Interclass Soccer and Track. Minor Letters. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Editorial Board **Domino**. Traffic Squad. Silence gives consent.

HERRMANN, BEATRICE (BEE)

Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Honor Roll. English Commendation. P. S. A. L. Medals (6). Swimming Pin. Captain Ball Pin. Chevrons. Blue Cards (5) Caucus Delegate. Program Committee. Office Duty 56.

That seeks no wages but a parent's smile.

HERZOG, JULIA

English 8 Honor Class. Chevrons. Girl Reserves. Hearthstone Club. French Club. Self-denial Captain. Asst. Art Editor Class Book.

Knowledge is more than equivalent to force.

HETZEL, DOROTHY

Sec. to Mr. Sommerfield. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Traffic Squad. Walking Club. Basketball and Swimming Chevrons. Rifle Club. Vice President Hearthstone Club. Commercial Club. Girl Reserves. Blue Cards. A touch of Nature's genial glow.

HIRSCH, SID

Football '30, '31, '32. Wrestling '29, '30, '31, '32. Track '32. J. V. Football Captain '29. Interclass Swimming. Art Club. Major and Minor Letters.

I'll give you leave to call me anything but
—Don't call me Sidney.

HOEH, CAROLYN (LYN)

Senior and Junior Arista. Class Night Committee. Scholarship Pin. Major and Minor Letters. Rifle Team. Swimming Pins. Chevrons. Sec. to Dr. Thomas and Mr. Atwater. History and German Clubs. Championship Baseball Team. Runner-up Basketball Team. Blue Cards. Still ending and beginning still.

HOFFMAN, CHARLES

Interclass Soccer. Baseball. Basketball. Vice-President Stamp Club. Blue Cards.

He was rough but kindly.

HOFFMAN, ELEANOR (GIGGLES)

Girl Reserves. Blue Cards. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. Office Duty. Choral Training. Leaders' Club. Swimming Pins. G. O. and **Dome** Captain. Jr. Dramatics 56. President Tennis Club 56. Rifle.

In she came, one vast, substantial smile.

**HOFFMAN, ROBERT**

Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Pin. **Domino** and **Dome** Captains. Traffic Squad. Interclass Basketball and Handball. See, the conquering hero comes.

HOFMANN, CHARLES B. (HAL)

Swimming Team '30, '31. Wrestling Team '31, '32. Boxing, '32. Gym Squad, '32. Class Dues Committee. Pirates of Penzance. Spring Festival '32. Call me Carlosito.

HOLZAPFEL, FRED

Senior and Junior Arista. Service Squad. Scholarship Pin (7) English Commendations (4). Quill. Engineering Club. Knocks and Boosts Committee. Blue Cards. Caucus Delegate. English 7 and 8 Honor Classes. Co-editor Classbook.

His cognitive faculties are immersed in a cubibundity of cogitation.

HUBER, WILLIAM

Vice Pres. Engineering Club. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Floor Manager. Junior Life Saving Pin.

A moral, sensible, well-bred man.

HUGHES, JOHN (HUGHIE)

Cross Country '31. Track '32. Spanish Club '32. Pan American '32. Blue Cards. Pres. 3rd Term English Class. Interclass Soccer. Basketball.

A man who blushes is not quite a brute.

JAMES, FLORENCE, (JIMMY)

Senior and Junior Arista. English Honor 7 and 8. Scholarship Pin 7 times. Blue Cards. English Commendation. Orchestra. Manager Girls Rifle Team. P. S. A. L. Medals. P. S. A. L. Swimming Pins. Chevrons. Open Forum. Last Will and Testament Committee.

If she undervalues me
What care I how good she be.

JANKE, ERNA (Jackie)

Major Letter. Minor Letters. 12 P. S. A. L. Medals. Vice-President 7th Term. Open Forum. Secretary to Miss Barber. Championship Hockey '30 Team. Runner Up Teams. Senior Prom Committee. Chevrons. Blue Cards. G. O. and **Dome** Representative. Dramatics. Program Committee.

Good nature and good sense must ever join.

JOHNSON, HERBERT

Dome Captain. English Honor 8. Glee Club. Blue Cards. Spring Play '30. Assembly Speaker. Assistant to Miss Schlachter. Long Island Prize Play '32. What should a man do, but be merry?

JOHNSON, JEANNETTE (JAY)

Captain. Basketball. Leaders' Club. Dancing Club. Tennis and Swimming Chevrans. P. S. A. L. Medals. Choral Training. Hearthstone Club.

As merry as the day is long.

JOHNSTON, ROBERT G.

Orchestra 4 years. Lunch Room Squad 2 years. Junior Varsity Football '28 and '29. Secretary to Mr. O'Connell. Band. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Wood. Secretary to Mr. Hoffman. Parents' Night Exhibition. Domino Captain. Shop Foreman. Caucus Delegate.

Whistle and she'll come to you.

JONES, ISABELLE

Glee Club. Sketch Club. Chevrans. Hearthstone. Girl Reserves. Captain ball. Swimming. Baseball.

Elegant as simplicity.

Warm as ecstasy.

JULIUS, ETHEL

Senior Arista. Knocks and Boosts Dome and Domino Captain. Domino Staff. Blue Cards. Program Committee. P. S. A. L. Medals and Pin. Scholarship Pins. Miss Leete's Office. Basketball. Dancing. Tennis. Captain Ball. Chevrans.

The best things come in little packages.

KELLOGG, DOROTHY (DOT)

Basketball and Captainball. Chevrans. Secretary to Mr. Kanwit and Miss Glasser. Dome and Domino Captain. Traffic Squad. Dramatics. Blue Cards.

And, but herself, admits no parallel.

KERWIN, THERESA (TERRY)

Sword Society. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Scholarship Pin. Captain of Basketball Team '32. Captainball. Swimming. Dancing Class. Editor Class Book. Secretary Newman Club. '31. Chevrans. P. S. A. L. Medals. Usher.

Long auburn hair

The least of which would set ten poets raving.

**KIEFER, HELENE**

Secretary to Dr. Thomas. Secretary to Miss Roos. Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Blue Cards. Typewriting Honor Roll. Honor Society. Dancing. Captainball. G. O. Captain. Self Denial Captain.

She was a mighty hunter.

And her prey was man.

KLUEG, KENNETH (KEN)

Domino Photographer. Stamp Club. Model Club. Camera Club Secretary. Blue Cards. Rifle Club.

He wore the rose of youth.

KOENIGER, ELIZABETH

(BETTY)

Editor-in-chief of Dome. President of Quill. English Honor 7 and 8. Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Sketch Club. Art Scholarship four terms. Secretary to Mr. Ullman. Blue Cards. Swimming. Walking and Captainball. Chevrans. Dramatics.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

KOLSON, GRACE

Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Duty in Miss Leete's Office. G. O. Store Staff. Caucus Delegate. Relief Fund Captain. Dome Captain. P. S. A. L. Medal. Swimming Pin. Knocks and Boosts. Emergency Room Duty.

All who saw, admired.

KORWAN, BEVERLY F. (BEV)

Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. English 8 Honor Class. Vice-President Sketch Club. Office Duty No. 56. Blue Cards. Program Committee. Caucus Delegate. Knocks and Boosts. Dome and G. O. Captain. English Commendation. Prize for Drawing. Parent's Night Exhibition.

A daughter of the gods.

KRAMER, SEYMOUR

Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin 4 times. Blue Cards. Spanish Club. Open Forum. Arista Committee. Domino Captain. Caucus Delegate. Interclass Baseball '29.

My designs, labors and aspirations—

These are my friends.

KRUMHOLZ, VIRGINIA (GINGER)

P. S. A. L. Medals. Blue Cards. Tennis. Hockey. Swimming. Captainball. Dancing. Chevrans. Junior P. S. A. L. Swimming Pin. G. O. Store Staff. Art Editor. Class Book. Art Club.

Here buds the promise of celestial worth.

KRUSKA, ANNA (ANN)

Secretary to Mr. Somerfield two years. Commercial Club. Girl Reserves. Newman Club. Hearthstone Club. Swimming Pins. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming. Basketball and Captainball Chevrons. Rifle Club. Glee Club. 56. Blue Cards.

A maid who modestly conceals her beauties.

KUCK, HARRIET (COOKIE)

Orchestra. Operas "Mikado" — "Pirates of Penzance", Spring Concert '31 and '32. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Hearthstone Club. The music in her heart she bore Long after it was heard no more.

LANG, ELEANOR (EL)

Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin 6 times. Secretary to Miss Leete, Mrs. Byron and Miss Elder. P. S. A. L. Medals. Chevrons. Swimming Pin. Spanish Club. Pan American Club. Newman Club. Girl Reserves. Blue Cards.

She was a scholar and a ripe good one.

LANG, ELNA

Basketball. Captainball. Chevrons. Honor Roll from Julia Richman High.

A soul as white as heaven.

LANGE, FRANCES

Captainball. Walking Club. Basketball. Swimming. Chevrons. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Commercial Club. Ring and Pin Committee.

Never idle a moment but thrifty and thoughtful of others.

LAZARD, LEO J.

Interclass Soccer and Baseball. P. S. A. L. Pin. Blue Cards. G. O. Captain. Domino Captain. Newman Club '30 and '31. Engineering Club.

He was not merely a chip off the old block
But the old block itself.

LEBLANC, CAREW

Leader 4 terms. Chess Club. Chess Team. Dome and Domino Captain. Blue Cards.

Wretched are mortals born to sleep their lives away.

**LENNSTROM, ROBERT**

Junior Arista. Caucus Delegate. Blue Cards. Interclass Baseball. Relief Fund Captain. Service Squad. Classbook Editor. Camera Club. Art Clubs. Printshop 1 year.

A Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy.

LEVINE, LOUIS (LEO)

Manager of Fall '32 Swimming Team. Secretary to Mr. Hoffman. Interclass Swimming. Engineering Club. Traffic Squad.

The world knows little of its greatest men.

LEVINTON, ROSE

Junior Arista. Dramatics. Glee Club. French Club. Spring Concert of '31. Swimming Chevrons G. O. Captain.

Of a good beginning cometh a good end.

LEVY, JEROME (JERRY)

Blue Cards. Domino Captain. Caucus Delegate. Lunch Squad. Engineering Club.

It is better to wear out than to rust out.

LOBLEIN, LEONARD (RIB-WRECKER)

Gymnastic team 8 terms. Wrestling team 8 terms.

There's a lean fellow who beats all conquerors.

LOCKARD, PHYLLIS

Choral training two years. Cast of Mikado. Leading Lady in Pirates of Penzance. Cast of Christmas Play 1931. Scholarship Pin 5 times. Junior and Senior Arista. English Honor Classes 7 and 8. Spring Festival of Music '31 and '32. Spanish Club. Dramatics.

Sweets to the sweet.

LOSEE, GEORGE (BUD)

Blue Cards. Interclass Baseball. Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Dome Captain. Assistant to Miss Leete.

Come, give us a taste of your quality.

LUBKEMANN, ERNEST (LUB)

Orchestra Annex 56. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. P. T. Secretary. Senior Champions. Interclass Basketball '32. Caucus Delegate. Interclass Baseball. Soccer.

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

LUCIA, HARRY S.

President Annex 90. Dramatic Club. Glee Club. Spring Play. First Prize for Acting Port Washington Contest. Dick Deadeye in Pinafore, "Ko-Ko" in Mikado, "Sergeant Edward" in Pirates of Penzance. Varsity Fencing Team. Coach Boys' Fencing Club '30-'31. Coach Girls' Fencing Club '30-'31. Christmas Play '29 and '31.

A rhapsody of words.

LUCKS, LENORE

Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Senior Arista. P. S. A. L. Pin. Chevrons. Swimming Pin. Blue Cards. English Commendation. Open Forum.

Your hero should be always tall, you know.

LUPIA, VINCENT

Wrestling Team '31. Interclass Basketball '29. Soccer '29. Interclass Baseball. Orchestra. Band. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.

LUTHARDT, LOIS

Sword Society. Vice President of Senior Class. President of French Club 2 terms. Secretary to Mr. Tressler. Chevrons for Basketball, Captainball. Swimming. Tennis. Dancing. P. S. A. L. Medals. Junior and Senior Arista. Newman Club. Miss Leete's Office. Scholarship Pin.

With a smile that was childlike and bland.

LUTZ, DOROTHY

G. O. and Self-Denial Captains. Captainball and Basketball. **Dome** and **Domino** Captains. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Delegate to G. O. Caucus 8 terms. Pan-American Club. Commercial Club. Girl Reserves. Hearthstone Club. Vice President of Spanish Club. Secretary to Dr. Thomas.

The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart.

MacDONALD, MALCOLM (Ozzy)

Varsity Soccer, '30, '31. J. V. Football, '29. J. V. Basketball, '31. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Blue Card. Intramural Basketball.

So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.

**MACHEMER, JOHN**

Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Print Shop 2 years. President of Engineering Club Spring, '32. Circulation Staff of The **Domino**. **Dome**. **Domino**. and G. O. Captain. Blue Cards. Scholarship Pin. Interclass Baseball, '29.

The Gods approve.

MACINTOSH, EVELYN

Secretary to Mr. Hopkins. Secretary to Mr. Foerster. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Delegate to Caucus.

Her lips are red, her looks are free

Her locks are yellow as gold.

MALETTA, MARY

Spanish Certificate. Swimming. P. S. A. L. Dancing. Basketball. Walking. Captainball. Newman Club. Dramatics. Secretary to Mr. Foerster. Blue Cards. Pan American Club.

The devil hath power to assume a most pleasing shape.

MALTESE, ANGELA

Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Pan American Student League. Spanish Club. Miss Leete's Office. Program Committee. **Dome** Captain. Self-denial Captain.

She thought as a sage, tho she felt as a woman.

MARWEDE, JOHN (JACK)

Foreman and Secretary of the Printshop. Printshop 5 terms. Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. English Commendation Letter. English 7 Honor. Blue Cards. Stamp Club. Engineering Club.

Exhausting thought and living wisdom with each studious year.

McCARTHY, ISABEL

Captainball. Basketball. Field Hockey. Swimming. Tennis. Chevrons. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Honor Roll.

For all that faire is, is by nature good.

McCLENAHAN, WILLIAM (RED)

Interclass Baseball. Interclass Football. Interclass Soccer.

A man, so various that he seemed to be not one, but many.

McDERMOTT, ELIZABETH (BETTY)

Walking Club. Swimming. Captainball.
Honest labour bears a lovely face.

McPHERSON, WILLIAM (MAC)

Orchestra, '32. Senior Class Basketball Champions, '32. R. H. H. S. Guard. Interclass Baseball. Soccer. Track. Handball. Swimming Team, '31, '32. Blue Cards. G. O. Captain. Minor Letters. Athletic Badges.
The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.

MEHL, CORTLAND (CORTY)

Track, '29. Soccer, '29. J. V. Football, '30. Leaders Corp. R. H. H. S. and R. H. Orchestra 4 years. "Pinafore" and "Mikado." G. O. Assistant 3 years. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Delegate to G. O. Caucus. Secretary and President of Commercial Club. Blue Cards.
Such men as he be never at hearts ease
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves.

MELONEY, MARJORIE

P. S. A. L. Medal. P. S. A. L. Swimming Pins. English Honor Class 7. Blue Cards. **Dome** Captain. Self-denial Captain. Hearthstone Club. Chevrons. Program Committee.
Zealous yet modest.

MESSINA, ROSE

Swimming. Commercial Club. Secretary to Miss Robeson. Captainball. Walking Club 56.
The sight of you is good for sore eyes.

MEYER, MARIE (HONEY)

Flower Committee. Blue Cards. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Pins. Emergency Room Aide. Caucus Delegate (4). Secretary to Mrs. Carstens. **Dome** Captain. G. O. Captain. Riding Club. Leaders Club.
An Angell or, if not—
An earthly paragon!

MILLS, EDWARD

Senior Basketball Championship Team. Orchestra 3 years. Member of "Pinafore" Cast. Caucus Delegate. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Leaders' Club. Parents' Night Exhibition. Sec. to Mr. Wood. Blue Card. Glee Club. P. S. A. L. Pins. Band.
Here's metal more attractive.



MOCKEL, RUTH

Secretary to Miss Manfred. Secretary to Mr. Foerster. Girl Reserves. Hearthstone Club. Swimming Chevrons. Commercial Club.

Her face, so lovely, so full of mirth
The overflowing of an innocent heart.

MONSEES, JOHN (JOHNNY)

Interclass Senior Championship Basketball, '31. Interclass Basketball, '29. History Club. Interclass Swimming. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Pins. Caucus Delegate. Interclass Soccer. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy land no noble action done.

MONTVILA, HELEN

Junior Arista, Jr. High School Chevrons. Sec. to Miss Barber. Girl Reserves.

Hope elevates and joy brightens her crest.

MOSES, HAROLD (HARRY)

J. V. Football, '28. Track '30, '31. Manager, '32. J. V. Baseball, '28. Senior Class Basketball Championship. Print Shop. Commercial Club. Engineer's Club. Major and Minor Letters. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.

Ambition hath no rest.

MUENZ, CLARA (MEUNZIE)

Minor Letter. 27 Chevrons for Basketball. Captainball. Swimming. Hockey. Dancing. Leaders Club. Sec. to Mr. Foerster. Sec. to Miss Metz. Blue Cards. Junior Arista (4) 9 P. S. A. L. Pins. Basketball and Captainball teams. Runner-up June, 1932.

Her unextinguished laughter shakes the skies.

MUIR, STANLEY (SANDY)

Track '32. R. R. and R. H. H. S. for Interclass Baseball. Swimming Award. P. S. A. L. Pins. Class Night Committee. Service Squad. Pres. and Vice Pres. Hi-Y Club. Leaders Club. Blue Cards. Cast Latin Pageant. Caucus Delegate.

Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This is a man."

MULLER, RUTH (MULLER)

Usher. Minor Letters. Sword Society. Basketball. Hockey and Captainball Teams. 25 Chevrons. President 5th Term Class. Jr. Arista. Blue Cards. 8 P. S. A. L. Medals. Scholarship Pins. Age cannot wither her, nor custom state her infinite variety.

NACHTRAB, VIOLET (VI)

Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Swimming. Chevrons. Secretary to Miss Johnston.

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

NAPOLI, JOSEPH

Rifle Team. Rifle Club. Interclass Basketball. Patrol. N. R. A. Awards. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Alternate for 8th Term Office. Dramatic Club. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Awards. Friendship is the wine of life.

NAPOLIN, SEYMOUR

Sec. Camera Club. Pres. Engineering Club. Chemistry Club. Interclass Basketball. For science is, like virtue, its own exceeding great reward.

NEWMAN, WINIFRED (WINNIS)

Basketball Chevrons. Swimming Chevrons. Sec. to Miss Johnston. Blue Cards. Those about her From her shall read the perfect ways of honor.

NOVAK, HELEN

Blue Cards. Scholarship Pin. Dancing Club. Walking. Swimming. Basketball Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pins. Newman Club. Many a flower was born to blush unseen.

ORR, VIVIAN (RED)

Captainball. Self Denial Captain. Blue Cards. Swimming. Chevrons. Office Duty. Ladies, whose bright eyes rain influence.

OSWALD, AL. (OZZIE)

Gym. Sec. Interclass Basketball. **Dome** Captain. Band, '31. P. S. A. L. Pins. Hail, fellow, well met.

**PASCUZZO, ROS7**

Scholarship Pins. Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Chevrons. Tennis and Captainball. Blue Cards. **Dome** and **Domino** Captains. Program Committee. Sec. to Miss Gallo. Office Duty for Miss Leete. French Club. Swimming.

PETTY, EDNA (EDDIE)

Sec. to Mr. Atwater. Sec. to Dr. Thomas. Blue Cards. Swimming. G. O. Caucus Delegate. G. O. Captain. You drop manna in the way of starved people.

PHILLIPS, HARRY

Interclass Soccer. '28. Interclass Basketball. R. H. H. S. Medal. Traffic Squad (90). Usher Squad. The laborer is worthy of his reward.

PLATTNER, CLARA

Sec. to Dr. Thomas. Sec. to Mr. Atwater. Blue Cards. **Dome** Captain. Patience is power.

POKORNY, ROBERT (BOB)

Varsity Rifle Team '31, '32. Treasurer of Rifle Club. Distinguished Rifleman Medal. Orchestra 3 years. Columnist for **Domino**. Senior Arista. Chess Club. Engineering Club. English Honor Class 7 and 8. Blue Cards. Major Letter. Traffic Squad. I never dare to write as funny as I can.

PRIGGEN, MARTHA (MARTY)

Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. (7) Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medal. Sec. Senior Arista. Sec. to Miss Metz. Miss McKay. and Miss Dithridge. Blue Cards. Captainball Championship Pin. Traffic Squad. (3) English Honor 7 and 8. Caucus Delegate. A phantom of delight.

QUARBERG, THELMA

Secretary Girls' P. T. Office. Secretary Grade Adviser's Office (Miss Koch). Blue Card and Chevrons. As chaste as unsunn'd snow.

RAUTH, JOHN

Orchestra '29, '30, '31: **Dome** Captain. Interclass Basketball. Baseball. Soccer. Sketch Club 1931. Squad Leader. G. O. Class Representative (Senior Class). Traffic Squad '31, '32. Nothing is impossible to industry.

RAVENY, JAMES

Interclass Basketball and Baseball. Junior Arista. An affable and courteous gentleman.

RECHTMAN, HELEN (PEANUT)

Dramatic Club (3 terms). Swimming Chevrons (4). Captain Ball Chevrons (1). Girl Reserves (2 terms). Junior Arista. Pan American Club. The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light.

REDLING, JACK

Dramatics (3 terms). Junior Arista. Wrestling Squad (3 terms). Floor Manager **Domino** (3 terms). Treasurer 5th term. Vice-President 6th term. Secretary 7th term. Senior Arista. Chairman Senior Prom Committee. Member Knocks and Boosts Committee. Secretary for Mr. Ullman. Football Squad '31. No tears dim the sweet look that nature wears.

REED, EDYTHE

Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrons. Captain Ball Chevrons. Member of the Spanish Club. Secretary to Mrs. Goetchius. Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.

REPETTI, ROBERT (BOB)

Varsity Football '31, '32. Junior Varsity Football '30. Interclass Soccer. Baseball '29. Traffic Squad. Commercial Club. President 8th term English Club. **Domino** Captain. Bank Captain. A mind quite vacant, is a mind distressed.

RICH, ALICE

P. S. A. L. Medal. Walking Chevron. Captainball Chevrons. Swimming Chevrons. Columbine Club. Props and Paints. Junior and Senior Dramatics. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Atwater. A helpful, energetic lass.

**RIGNEY, RUTH**

Secretary to Mr. Dann. **Dome** Captain. Self-denial Captain. Publisher of Class Magazine. Art Editor of Class Book. Obedience is the key to every door.

ROBERTSON, MARIE ("ME-ME")

Office Duty, 2 terms. Vice President Hearthstone '32. Girl Reserves. Chevrons for Basketball. Captainball. Swimming. P. S. A. L. Swimming Pins and Medal. Secretary to Mrs. Richter and Mrs. Goetchius. Junior Arista. **Dome** Captain. Blue Cards. Newman Club. Laughter is the only recipe to make sorrow sink.

ROBINSON, HAROLD C. (ROBBY)

Interclass Baseball, '28. Championship Interclass Soccer, '28. Numerals. Glee Club '28. **Dome** and **Domino**. Locker Room Secretary, '31. Annex Traffic Squad. Treasurer Ping Pong. Blue Cards. There is no knowledge that is not power.

ROBINSON, HELEN (CHUBBY)

Junior and Senior Dramatics. 6 P. S. A. L. Medals. 20 Chevrons. Bronze and Silver Swimming Pins. Runner-up Basketball team. Art Editor Class Book. Flower girl in Spring Play. Pan-American Club. Honor Roll Certificate. Blue Cards. Traffic and Cafeteria Squads. Self-denial, G. O. and **Domino** Captain. Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

ROES, RICHARD

Interclass Soccer and Baseball. Secretary to Mr. Hoffman (1 year). Blue Cards. With a smile childlike and bland.

ROPER, MABEL

Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medal. Swimming. Captainball and Walking. English Commendation. English Honor. 7 Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Dann. G. O. Captain. Caucus Delegate. She that has patience may compass anything.

ROTUNDO, JOSEPH (ROTO)

Interclass Basketball. Chess Club. History Club. Secretary of Model Club. **Dome - Domino** Captain. Blue Cards. A friend is worth all hazards we can run.

RYAN, THOMAS (TOM)

Interclass Soccer, '28. Baseball, '30. Swimming, '30. Pan American Club. Newman Club. Domino Captain.
He knows what is what.

SAITTA, MARIE

Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrons. Basketball Club.
Worth our better knowledge.

SAVERY, KATHRYN

Scholarship Pin. Secretary to Mr. Ullman (7, 8). Swimming. Blue Cards.
Rich in good works.

SCHEIBEL, EDWARD

Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Chess Club. Engineering Club. German Club. Secretary to Mrs. Richter. Secretary to Miss Turk. Domino Captain.
For he can figure time o'day,
And other things, by algebra.

SCHENCK, ARTHUR (ARTIE)

Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Engineering Club. Interclass Basketball. Treasurer of Senior Class.
The more the man knows, the more worthy he is.

SCHERR, JAMES (JIM)

Business Manager of "Domino" 1932 (2 terms). Senior and Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin (5 terms). History Club. Press Club. Engineering Club. Chairman, Membership Club Committee of Arista (Fall '32). Class Nite Committee. Interclass Baseball. Basketball. G. O. Caucus Delegate (7 terms). Blue Cards.
His mind on its own center stands unmoved.

SCHLOW, WILLIAM

Blue Cards. Minor letters. G. O. Delegate. Junior Varsity Football '29, '30. Interclass Baseball. Office Duty 56. Junior Arista. Engineering Club.
So much is a man worth as he esteems himself.

**SCHNUPP, FLORENCE (SCHNUPPEE)**

From Girls' Commercial High School. Vice-President of the Girl Reserves, '32 Basketball and Captainball. Hearthstone Club. Commercial Honor Society. Pan American Student League. Emergency Room Aide. Blue Card. Secretary to Mr. Kerling. Swimming Chevrons.
The king himself has followed her, when she has walk'd before.

SCHUMACHER, EDITH (EDIE)

Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad (2 terms). Chevrons. Walking Club. Secretary of English 7-1 Class. Caucus Delegate. English 8 Honor Class. Honor Certificate. Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

SCHWENK, WILLIAM (BILLIE)

Swimming Team. Engineering Club. Pan American Club. History Club. Baseball Junior Varsity. German Club. Blue Cards. Junior Arista. P. S. A. L. Pin. Dome Captain. Traffic Squad. Interclass Basketball.
A friend is, as it were, a second self.

SENIW, MARIE L.

Chevrons for Basketball. Captainball. Walking Club. Tennis. Championship Pin for Captainball. Hockey. Secretary to Mr. Campbell. Newman Club. P. S. A. L. Medals. Floor Manager of Dome. Blue Cards.
The very pink of perfection.

SHAPIRO, DIANA (DI)

Secretary to Mr. Wagler. Secretary to Mr. Campbell. Self-denial Captain. Domino Captain. Hockey. Tennis and Walking Chevrons.
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.

SHAW, ADELE (DELE)

Secretary to Miss Leete (3 times). Blue Cards. Chevrons. Traffic Squad. Captain Ball. Walking Club. Swimming. Spanish Club. Hearthstone Club. Caucus Delegate.
She wears the flower of beauty upon her.

SILVERSTEIN, DOROTHY (DOT)

Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Domino Staff. Journalism Club. Press Club. Dramatics. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Medals. Chevrons. English Honor 8. Secretary to Miss Schlachter. Traffic Squad.
For she was jes' the quiet kind.

SLAVICKAS, ALBINA (AL)

Basketball. Captainball. Swimming. Blue Cards. Junior New-Man Club. Girl Reserves. President Hearthstone Club. '32. Chevrons. **Domino** Captain. Self-denial Captain. G. O. Captain. Art Editor Class Book. Far off her coming shone.

SMITH, DOROTHY

Office duty. Chevrons. Assistant in Library. Blue Cards. Orchestra in 90. A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm.

SMITH, HELEN J.

Leader of Sword Society. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. Secretary to Mr. H. White. Minor Letters. Leaders' Club. Flower Committee. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Captainball. Basketball. Baseball Team. Vice-President 5th term Class. 'Tis beauty calls, and glory shows the way.

SMITH, JOHN B. III. (SMITTY)

Junior Arista. Orchestra and Band (2 yr.) Blue Cards. Model Club. Class Numerals. Interclass Basketball. Interclass Soccer. Spanish Certificate. Interclass Swimming. Chess Club. They say, best men are molded out of thoughts.

SOGGA, TILLIE

Swimming Chevrons. Blue Cards. History Club. Program Committee. Clerical Work. All things come round to them who will but wait.

SOLOMONIC, HELEN

G. O. Captain June '32. Self-denial Captain September '32. Assistant to Miss Leete in '32. Hearthstone Club. Blue Cards. For never any thing can be amiss When simpleness and duty tender it.

STEINBOCK, MARVIN

Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Interclass Basketball. Interclass Soccer. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Office Duty Annex 56. From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet. He is all mirth.

**STEINERT, ANN**

G. O. Captain. Secretary to Miss Manfred. Swimming Chevrons. Blue Cards. Be to her virtues very kind, Be to her faults a little blind.

STEINMANN, JOHANNA (JOJO)

From Franklin K. Lane High School. Her wit is more than man.

STELLING, ELSIE

Scholarship Pins. Junior Arista. Secretary to Mrs. Byron. Secretary to Mr. Stilson. English Honor Class 7, 8. Blue Cards. German Club. Bank Captain. English Commendation, term 4. Chevrons. Program Committee. A tender heart, a will inflexible.

STEVENSON, EUGENIA (JEAN)

Senior Swimming Pin. Basketball. Chevrons. Swimming Chevrons. Secretary to Miss Schlachter. Blue Cards. **Domino** Captain. Patience and gentleness are power.

STOCK, ARTHUR (ARCHIE)

Interclass Soccer, '28 and Basketball Club, '31, '32. Jay Vee Football Annex 90. Blue Cards. Caucus Delegate. Athlete Pin. Pan American Club. **Dome** and **Domino** Captains. Traffic Squad. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!

STOCK, DOROTHY (DOT)

Sword Society. Blue Cards. Leaders' Club. Basketball. Captainball. Baseball. Secretary 4th term Class. Treasurer 5th term class. Senior Arista. P. S. A. L. Medals. Chairman Flower Committee. It is good To lengthen to the last a sunny mood.

STUART, DONALD (STEW)

Interclass Baseball and Soccer, and Basketball. Jay Vee Football. Blue Cards. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Caucus Delegate. Traffic Squad. P. S. A. L. Pin. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose.

STUDT, RUTH

Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. P. S. A. L. and Swimming Pin. Secretary to Mr. Atwater. Secretary to Mr. Wood. English Honor 8. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Program Committee. Chevrons. Blue Cards. German Club.

A merry heart goes all the day.

STUHRKE, EDNA

Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. English Honor 8. English Commendation 4. Blue Cards. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pin. Program Committee. German Club. Caucus Delegate. Choral Training.

Friendship is a sheltering tree.

STUHRKE, FREDERICK

G. O. Store Staff. Fall '32. G. O. Captain. Self-denial Captain. Secretary to Mr. Proctor. '29. English Honor 7. Blue Cards. Scholarship Pin 6 times. Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Caucus Delegate.

Impartially their talents scan
Just education forms the man.

SULLIVAN, DOROTHY

Captainball Chevron. Swimming Chevrons. Blue Cards. Hearthstone Club. Girl Reserves. Regents Honor Roll algebra. Newman Club.

My work is not till judgment day.

TAFT, ADELAIDE

Sword Society. Hearthstone Club. History Club. Open Forum. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Pins. Champion Baseball Team. Runner-up Captainball. Basketball Team. Secretary to Mr. Atwater. Secretary to Miss Leete.

A clear fire, a clear hearth, and
the vigor of the game.

TERWILLIGER, ROBERT

Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Chess Club. Lunchroom. '31, '32, Captain '32. G. O. Captain. Interclass Swimming.

Of such material men are made.

TROEMEL, BEN (SAILOR BEN)

Swimming Team ('31, '32). Cafeteria Squad 5 terms. Life Guard in Swimming Pool. Athletic Awards.

The seal the seal the open seal
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!

**TRUHE, HELEN**

Junior Arista. Knocks and Boosts. Secretary to Mr. Wagler. Secretary to Miss Johnston. 18 Chevrons. 5 P. S. A. L. Pins. Art Clubs. Program Committee. Blue Cards. English Commendations. Poster Awards. Captain Traffic Squad 90.

If I chance to talk a little wild,
forgive me.

TURNBULL, WILLIAM (SHORTY)

Blue Cards. Interclass Basketball. Chess Club. English Honor Class. Caucus Delegate.

Short as a dream.

UNGER, ELSIE

Junior Arista. (4 terms). Scholarship Commendation. Swimming Chevrons.

Her modest look a cottage might
adorn.

USSAK, SAMUEL

J. V. Football '29. J. V. Baseball '29. Captain of Service Squad '32. Captain Hall Patrol '29, '30, '31. **Dome** Board. **Domino** Staff. Secretary to Mr. Kiso. Print Shop. Commercial Club. Pan American Club.

Nature has framed strange fellows
in her time.

VANDERHYDE, WILLIAM (BILL)

Interclass Baseball. Soccer. Football, and Basketball. Traffic Squad. **Dome** Captain. **Domino** Captain. Nautical Club. Open Forum. Blue Cards.

Creeps in this petty pace from
day to day.

VOLKMAN, RUTH (BLONDIE)

Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. English Honor Commendation. Blue Cards. Orchestra. Glee Club. Secretary to Mr. Behn. G. O. Store. Chevrons. Publisher Class Magazine. Delegate G. O. Caucus.

Virtue alone is happiness below.

WACKSTEIN, MILTON

Blue Cards. Interclass Soccer. Chess Club. Engineering Club. Open Forum. Model Club. Class Secretary to Miss McLees. Annex Football Team.

Had a tongue, yet was never
loud.

WALTERS, FRANCES (COOKIE)

Walking (Annex 56). Secretary to Mr. Valentine. Secretary in Publications Office and to Miss Dithridge. Commercial Club (4). Treasurer of Girl Reserves. Hearthstone Club. **Domino** Captain. Blue Cards.

To live at ease and not to be bound to think.

WARD, ROBERT

Scholarship Pin (4 times). Assistant to Miss Leete. Junior and Senior Arista. **Dome** Floor Captain. **Domino** Captain. English and Spanish Commendation. English 7 and 8 Honor. Interclass Baseball. Soccer. Basketball.

His words are simple.

And his soul sincere.

WASMUTH, ALMA

Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins. English Commendations. Blue Cards. Knocks and Boosts Committee. Open Forum. Rifle Club. Chevrons. English Honor 8. Secretary to Mrs. Richter. Honor Certificates.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.

WASSERMAN, RUTH

Swimming. Captainball. Basketball. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Self-denial Captain. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Pan American Club. Girl Reserves. Rifle.

To dally with wrong, that does no harm.

WAYRICK, MARGARET ("GIRLIE")

Girl Reserves. Hearthstone Club. Secretary to Miss Manfred. Swimming in 90. Traffic. Captain in 90. Emergency Aid. Blue Cards.

But pleasures are like poppies spread

You seize the flower, its bloom is dead.

WEBER, MARIE

Junior Arista. English Commendation. Secretary to Miss Galbraith. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Summerfield. Chevrons. Basketball. Captainball. Girl Reserves. "Pinafore." Caucus Delegate.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.

WEEKS, EDWARD (ED)

Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin (5 times). Varsity Tennis '32. Varsity Chess '31, '32. Championship. Junior G. O. President Annex 56. Secretary Senior Arista. Last Will and Testament Committee. English Honor 8.

Silence—the greatest of all virtues.

**WEISS, MIRIAM L.**

Secretary to Miss Metz. Pan-American Club. From New Utrecht High School — "N. U. H. S." Captain. "Comet" Captain. Service Squad. Dramatic Club. English Club. Dancing Club. Chevrons for basketball, and swimming. Glee Club.

The more haste, ever the worst speed.

WERTZ, MARY A.

Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins—(4). English Commendation. Chevrons leaders Club. Blue Cards. Audubon Club. English Honor Class 7, 8. Caucus Delegate. Program Committee. Rifle Club. Honor Certificates.

Honor lies in honest toil.

WESLOCK, FRANKLYN

Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Secretary of Open Forum. Chess Club. **Domino** Reporter Annex 90. **Domino** Circulation Staff. Interclass Baseball. Interclass Basketball.

There are occasions and causes, Why and wherefore in all things.

WHITE, ABRAHAM (ABE)

Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship. Blue Cards. Organizer, President and Secretary of Open Forum. Secretary to Miss Turk. Vice President of Chess Club. Fencing Squad. Secretary of Press Club. Interclass Basketball, '30 and '32. Dramatics. **Domino** Floor Manager.

Syllables govern the world.

WHITE, EARNEST (DUCKY)

Varsity Rifle, '30, '31, '32. Cafeteria Squad. Interclass Basketball. Interclass Soccer. Interclass Baseball. Engineering Club. '31. English Certificate. Model Club.

On their own merits, modest men are dumb.

WILL, MILDRED

Tennis Chevron. Swimming Chevrons. Self-denial Captain. Pan-American Club. Latin Club. Class Paper Art Editor.

Silence is more eloquent than words.

WILLOCK, FRED (DUTCH)

Varsity Baseball, '29, '30, '31, '32. Varsity Basketball, '31, '32. Varsity Soccer, '29, '30, '31. Varsity Football, '32. Junior Varsity Football, '29, '30. Junior Varsity Soccer, '28. Interclass Baseball. Interclass Basketball. Interclass Soccer. Squad Leader 5 terms. Captain Hall Duty, '31, '32. **Domino** Staff.

The most senseless and fit man.

WILSON, GEORGE

Junior Arista (4 terms). Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Leaders' Club. Interclass Basketball. Secretary to Mr. Allen. Office Duty Annex 56. Caucus Delegate.

I am slow of studying.

WINDERMAN, EMANUEL (WINDY)

Scholarship (1). President Open Forum. Vice-President Open Forum. **Dome** Staff. Interclass Basketball. French Club.

I dote on his very absence.

WOMACK, JAMES (SNOOK-UMS)

Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. **Dome** Captain. **Domino** Captain. English Commendation.

He was so generally civil, that no one thanked him for it.

WYRNAK, VERONICA

President of Girl Reserves. Member of Hearthstone. Newman. Commercial. Honor Society Clubs. P. S. A. L. Medal. Chevrons. Secretary to Miss Leete. Publications Office. Blue Cards. Program Committee (Annex 56) Caucus Delegate.

Push on, keep moving.

ZARRO, LEONORE (LEE)

Secretary Spanish Club '32. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Pin. Chevrons. Secretary to Miss McDowell (2 yr.) Secretary to Miss Elder. Secretary to Miss Prinzing. Program Committee. Pan American Club. Secretary General Office 56 and Miss Leete's Office.

Thought is the wind,
Knowledge, the sail and mankind,
the vessel.

ZELKER, JOHN

Interclass Basketball. Swimming. Squad '32. Blue Cards.

I'll speak in a monstrous little voice.

**DOMESTHIRTEEN****ZIMMERMAN, FRANCES**

Blue Cards. Tennis Chevrons. Swimming Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medal. Dramatics.

It must be so, for miracles have ceased.

ZURN, RICHARD

Senior Class Treasurer. Quill '31, '32, '33. R. H. H. S. for Baseball. Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. **Domino** Columnist. President of Pan American Club. President and Organizer of Open Forum. Orchestra at Annex 56. Christmas Play '31. English Commendation. Dramatic Club.

I'll print it and shame the fools.

FREUDENDORF, CHESTER (CHESS)

P. S. A. L. Pins. Cross Country Team, '31, '32. Manager '32.

The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.

HALL, RUTH

Blue Cards. Chevrons. Walking Club. German Club. Hearthstone Club. Sec. to Mr. Finnigan. School Guard. Swimming Pin.

A deep calm of idle vacancy.

KEMMER, CHARLES K.

Interclass Basketball. Soccer and Baseball. Junior Varsity Football, '30.

There is always safety in valor.

MAYERHOFER, FRED (DUTCH)

Transferred from Bishop Laughlin 6th term. Class Secretary to Mr. Foote. Class Basketball. Newman Club. Caucus Delegate. Blue Cards.

I am not merry but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.

SCHWENK, Jean

Captainball. Swimming P. S. A. L. German Club. Blue Cards. Interscholastic German. Glee Club.

But now my task is smoothly done.

Last Will And Testament

We, the departing Seniors of the Class of January, 1933, being of avenging mind and grudging memory, do hereby declare this to be our Last Will and Testament:

- TO Mr. Hopkins we leave one pass to the Sanatorium For The Treatment of Nervous Breakdowns.
- TO Our taskmaster, Mr. Atwater, we leave a pipe, an easy chair and a pair of slippers.
- TO Miss Houghton, to use as she sees fit, Monroe Arnow leaves his marvelous and inherent spelling ability.
- TO Doctor Thomas, Peggy Doyle leaves a never-ending supply of "so whats" to spring on future Economics victims.
- TO some of our more prominent cats, George Bowdery leaves his indestructible curiosity.
- TO Miss Voorhees, we leave this quotation for further pondering, "Varium et mutabile semper femina."
- TO Miss Leete, Jimmy Scherr leaves his pet parrot "Hiawatha" trained to say, "Take a double detention."
- TO Miss Swenson, we leave our patented machine for the inflating of "flat zeroes."
- TO the library, we leave our faithful ponies.
- TO the basketball team, we leave rosy expectations and a book of the new rules.
- TO the track team, Stanley Muir leaves a pair of mechanical crutches.
- TO Mr. Wood, we leave the British Navy for the apprehension of the "Pirates of Penzance."
- TO Arista, we leave one slightly damaged motto, " ??????."
- TO Posterity, Bea Deutsch leaves her astounding collection of offices and titles (we said officES not officERS).
- TO the janitor, we leave the hat on a chandelier in Hazen Hall.
- TO the DOMINO Sport Staff, Johnny Gallagher and Tom Hellawell leave a worn out pencil.
- TO the Chess Club, we leave one bust of "The Thinker."
- TO Miss Schlachter, Seymour Kramer leaves a bright red rag.
- TO Mr. Donnelly, we leave a big stick.
- TO Mr. Clegg, Emanuel Winderman leaves one ton $C_3H_3(NO_3)_3$.
- TO Mr. Kunitz, we leave a new broom.

TO Mr. Yoder, we leave a putty blower to have some fun with.
 TO Mr. Hoffman, we leave a fleet of celluloid battleships.
 TO the Rifle Team, we leave one popgun.
 TO Miss Kretschmar, we leave some more stories about "OSCAR".
 TO Mr. Campbell, we leave a set of unbreakable apparatus.
 TO Miss Burrage, Corty Mehl leaves his German grammar.
 TO Miss Aguero, we leave one corner completely equipped with a
 dunce chair and accessories to use when necessary.
 TO Mr. Dann, we leave our most sincere regards and our most
 cheerful smiles.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1933
 "per ultores inuriarum"

Shakespeare, Commercial Edition

The world is becoming more materialistic each year. Take this
 excerpt from Twelfth Night as an example of how Shakespeare will be
 interpreted fifty years hence.

"If Music (Cantor's has all latest songs) be the food (Buy Cohen's
 bread for quality) of love.

Play on (Call 0496 for Silvey's Orchestra) Give me excess of it,
 (Frank Kiosk, Massager, Removes Excess Fat).

That surfeiting, the appetite (Ignatz Gold, Herring and Appetiz-
 ers) may sicken (Avenue Paul, 2749 Cut-off Road).

and so die. (Richard Hearse, Undertakers).

That strain again, (Johnson's Trusses and Braces) it had a dying
 fall." (See The Dive for Death at Loew's).

Or perhaps another passage from the same play.

"Oh (Dr. Schmendrick, Painful Dentist) when mine eyes (See Podos,
 the Optician) did see

Olivia (Henry's Olives are the Best) first. Methought.

She purged the air (Rashinsky, Rashinsky, Rashinsky and McCormack
 Exterminators Extraordinaire) of pestilence (Quick, Henry the Flit).

And then was I turned into a hart (Read Ely Culbertson: How to
 Trump with Hearts).

And my desires (Why have suppressed desires? Let Arturo teach
 you how to Dance) like fell and cruel hounds (Marie's Pet Shop).

E're since pursue me."

If you intend pursuing me for this heresy, I know a good lawyer I
 can get for you wholesale.

Yours insincerely,

Monroe Arnow, '33.

ON HAIR CUTS

The comparative obscurity in which the quaint custom of hair cutting has been allowed to exist is deplorable. Since the time when a bowl was first overturned on someone's head and the hair protruding rudely hacked away, countless heroes have gone unsung with not even a bard to celebrate the agonies they suffered. Now I do not want to be a bard. Indeed, there is nothing I would less prefer to be accused of. But considering the huge amount of time the human male spends in periods in which he either resembles a collie or the result of a massacre, I cannot allow the pagan rite of the 'Departure of the Hair' to go unwept, unhonored.

Not many people realize how inevitable is the haircut, and how futile. Millions have become slaves before the barber. They have resigned themselves to a life of misery, and so symbolic is the haircut of torture that when a means for executing criminals by electricity was discovered and a name sought for it, the old barber-shop term, "In the chair," was adopted. The average person wouldn't give a plugged copper to witness the death of anyone by being separated from his hair. Untold numbers of people will stand before a barber's window on the pretext of reading an advertisement depicting Uncle Sam attired in a blue coat, delicately striped trousers with a red and white motif, blue spangled top hat, and a goatee, telling them this is National Something Week, just to see a rather corpulent person in the chair trying at one and the same time to chuckle over 'Ballyhoo' and still avoid being nicked. I had always wondered why barbers had such magazines in their shops. But when I stopped to reconsider that dentists also have them, I clearly saw that this must be an attempt to take the patient's mind off his hair while taking the hair off his mind.

It used to be that long hair was a symbol of power. Perhaps it still is. But the power has allocated itself with the other sex, regardless of hair. It was deemed more becoming by some man's wife, especially disgusted by his soup straining habits, that her husband have less hair on his head. Application of the bowl and ax method may have lessened the amount of hair, but I cannot see that in revealing the misshapeness of a skull, one can be compensated for an existence fraught with so many dangers. At least the Greek Gods thought so too. Pluto wore long hair, tho his wife forced him to restrain the activities of his beard, and Poseidon let his hair hang just as if he had come from the

water. Apollo, no matter how many other kinds of a fool he may have been, let his hair hang. Of course, Hermes had his short, but he had the alibi of wind resistance. Hercules coiffeur resembled that of a bull, while Zeus was under the impression that the bears had the right idea and played it for the fall, leaving only his eyes and nose to show.

But civilization has advanced, maybe, and with it has come the barber shop, inevitable since no genius of the industrial revolution has yet patented an invention wherewith a man might cut his own hair. In the natural course of events, it came to have the function of blood letting, and although the medical profession has deprived it of most of this trade, it still continues to exercise this privilege in some small measure.

The chief function of the barber shop is not, as might be supposed, hair cutting. It is gossip. Or rather it was before women began to have their hair cut. Prior to this era, the barbers talked their customers into a coma, but now they haven't a chance. The competition is too stiff. Before this time, however, the barber shop carried on in brisk competition with the daily newspapers and the Encyclopedia Britannica. One could secure, incidental to a hair cut, information ranging from how many runs the Yanks would get to how to change lead into silver. The barber had an inexhaustible supply of stories with which to beguile his clients while he separated them from their hair. Now the woman rules, and the barber performs, with a look of gentle melancholy on his face. Tho long hair still may conquer, her influence will always remain. The hairpin has always been the sceptre with which woman ruled the world and she couldn't give it up for a long time. But in the time she tried, she made of barbers a sullen, morose class of men who where once they would have been filled with Machiavellian glee now apathetically chip off a piece of ear. The hairpin is indeed the mainspring of the world and I remember it as the mainspring of most of my childish inventions, I have a great regard for hairpins.

Discussing again the barber shop, it is by no means a recent institution. To quote Tarper's Classical, "the common people of Rome frequented the barber shop, which was then famous for the gossip retailed there. Razors were used, and stray hairs which escaped were plucked out with tweezers. Patients sat on stone seats. The hair was coiled by women into huge piles and skewered with enormous hairpins." This bears out all I was saying. It is also interesting to note that Roman women, assuming that gentlemen prefer blondes, imported flaxen wigs

from Germany, but discovering they were in error, reverted to type about 300 B. C.

That was my last digression on the ancients. I should now like to discuss the actual operation. It used to be (Fuit, fuit, or something, as Cicero would say) when the slogan of the class was "Three barbers, no waiting," that one was subject to the royal will and imperious eye of the barber, and when his majesty was ready, he would do you the favor of removing your hair. Now, with the slogan corrupted by the omission of "no" to "Three barbers waiting," one's mere arrival galvanizes into a frenzy of activity three morose, dispirited-looking individuals, the first of whom snatches your hat, the second of whom propels you into a chair, and the last of whom raps a long roll of something around your neck. The patient is liberally supplied with magazines, and while one operates, the other two coach from the sidelines, growing visibly brighter each time a mishap occurs. Finally, you are lovingly deluged with some liquid, your hat is delicately crammed on your head, and you are propelled out of the door sans seventy-five cents, sans hair, sans everything. All is lost save honor.

Taking it all into account, it's a disgusting custom.
And there's nothing you can do about it.



CLASS SINGERS



All The News That's
Unfit To Print

THE GRAFTIC

A Paper for People
Who Actually Think
They Think

Price—One and One-Half Doughnuts

THE GRAFTIC STAFF

Editor-in-Chief (just an ornament; he thinks work is vulgar) **Abe White.**

Managing Editor (besides doing practically all the work, he's the brains of the outfit as well)

Bob Pokorny

Feature Writers and Reporters (Crazy? They have to be crazy!) **Ed Weeks, George Boehler,** and last and probably least, **Stephen Guty.**

Office Boy, Janitor, Errand Boy, and Printer's Devil—Monroe Arnow (alias "I".)

PLATFORM

Abe White:

1. A minimum of news.
2. A kennel in the basement for every dog.
3. More cheering for our opponents' teams.
4. More tacks on the teachers' seats.
5. A law making it impossible for school journalists to fail.
6. An allowance of ten late passes to every

EDITORIAL

Events of recent times cause us to pause and review certain rules of behavior which every loyal Richmond Hill student should follow.

First, when you feel the impulse to bite your nails, grab your neighbor's hand and bite his. You can thus preserve that school-boy manicure.

Dogs have been seen roaming around the

makers 6, Sam Hill 0—that play was a real run-back; he was no fool—would you argue with a steam-roller? Third quarter; the score now is: Sam Hill—confusions, abrasions, bent ribs and what have you; Boiler-makers—unscathed. The game is now seven cases (hospital) old. And, oh yes, the Sam Hill eleven made two touchdowns, seven field-goals and—well, that's all. No? Ask Ripley.

Do you think it will rain in time for the game tomorrow?

Other scores, by courtesy of the Moron Meograph and Grapevine Service, Inc.:

Winners	Losers	Undecided
Faw Down 7	Go Boom 7	Petrie?
Manchu 14	Smith 0	
Amscay 6	Umphcay 7 1-8	Ixnay 2
Colonial	Notre	
Dame 4	Dame 76	

(Figures don't lie, but liars can make figures—we also compute income-taxes as a side-line.)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I am graduating this term and would like your help in answering a few very perplexing questions which have worried me throughout my entire high school career. (If you can call it such.)

(1) Why do we pay our G. O. dues?

(2) Who receives the money we pay?

Of course, you could use a glass beaker, or even an old cup—but why not do the thing right? Next, pour the acid slowly into the beaker. **Never** pour the beaker into the acid, as a tremendous heat is evolved which might ruin your complexion. Then, gently holding the ring between your first finger and thumb, on your little finger and thumb if you are left-handed, drop it into the acid. If nothing happens, your ring is all gold. If, however, dense clouds of brown gas are evolved, if the acid turns bluish-green and the ring rapidly diminishes in size, you've been gypped. The ring contains copper.

And if you survive the gas attack, you can always drink the nitric acid—just as a sort of punishment for being such a jackass.

As usual, behind all this nonsense, your favorite columnist (ahem!) has concealed a real gem of information. Science has been brought into play again. Will wonders never cease?

Possibly many of you seniors are contemplating throwing parties to celebrate your graduation, after five or six years of hard work. And the old question pops up again—"What to do when the party starts to lag?" Well, there is really only one solution; play one of the fine games that have been devised for just such a situation. Wake up one of the guys that crashed the gate and say, "Do you want to play Scroop?" If he says yes, go ahead. If he doesn't—oh well, he'd probably get sore anyway.

Here's how to play this delightful little pastime. Get as many guests as you can awaken, and have them join hands in a semicircle. Then lead the victim out into full view, open his coat and stick a funnel in his belt. Explain to him

building without any place to rest. Will you allow it to be said of your school that members of the canine family are mistreated in this school which does not provide kennels? You would be that type.

When teachers sit down, they start to give you your homework, and that's that. Nothing new in that. If our policy of more tacks on the teachers' chairs is adopted, we promise you plenty of novelty. Catch on? Eh-h-h-h? We knew you would.

The other points of the platform explain themselves, so we won't pile it on very thick in order to fill up some more space, but we do promise to keep to our platform as long as the present snow remains on the ground.

—o—

SAM HILL ELEVEN STEAM-ROLLERS BOILER-MAKERS

The Sam Hillites railroaded the Boiler-makers tomorrow in a perfectly swellegant style, tenk you! The game starts promptly at two-fifteen and it was a pippin. Kreskishnofsky, that great fighting Irishman of the Boiler-makers, is taking off his helmet so he can hit them harder. Another team coming out—what, the Sam Hill? The air at the stadium is considerably milder—the officials are piping the Boiler-makers' conversation to all parts of the field. Ah, the kick-off—Webb Foote, the brilliant, bare-footed Boiler-maker half-wit just sent a punt flying . . . four yards, seven yards, nine and a half—and a Sam Hill player picked it up and ran it back . . . four inches—lost . . . Wow, he's down—one, two, three, four—he's crawling for a touch-down. He made it! The score now is: Boiler-

- (3) Why is it that Richmond Hill's football teams always end up at the bottom?
(4) What is that Richmond Hill "spirit" we hear so much about?

Aggravatingly yours,

One In Despair

—o—

THE REPLY

Dear One in Despair,

If it were not for students such as you, I wonder what Richmond Hill High School would do. I shall be delighted to answer such vital questions.

(1 and 2)—We pay our G. O. dues to the teachers so that they can have both spending money and lunch money. Another cut goes to the G. O. officers (that's why they call it G. O. dues). "G. O."—Goes to the Officers.

3—Our teams are noted for their heavyweights. Heavy bodies always sink. See your Physics teacher.

4—That old Richmond Hill "spirit" may be bought for \$3.00 per quart at any of the drug stores, 114th St., corner Jamaica Avenue.

—o—

THE LOW-DOWN

By Bob Pokorny

No doubt the seniors who were stuck with rings and pins (especially those stuck with pins) are now wondering how much they might be able to pawn their alleged jewelry for. Anticipating such a situation, I have devised a way to appraise the class emblems. The marvels of modern chemistry have been used constructively in this case. Qualitative analysis, that hitherto was confined to men of profound intellect, has now been brought within the reach of all.

If you are doubtful about the gold content (if any) of your ring or pin, simply borrow a platinum beaker and a pint or so of nitric acid from Mr. Clegg. Make sure that the acid is concentrated, and that the beaker is platinum.

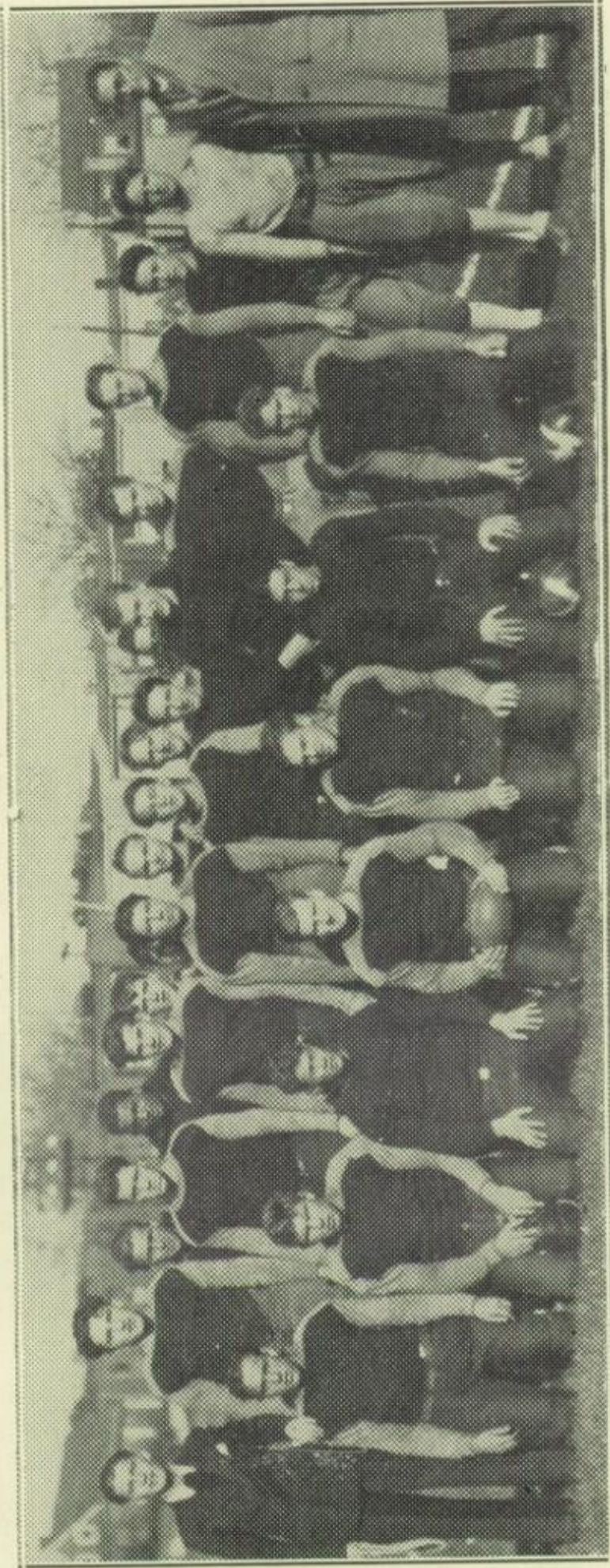
with a sweet smile that you are going to put a quarter on his forehead, and if he can juggle it to the tip of his nose and from there drop it accurately into the funnel in his belt, he can have it. All the while, a confederate of yours has been lurking about with a bottle full of ice-water—and when he sees his chance—figure it out for yourselves.

This is especially effective if the victim is wearing a rented tuxedo. But one precaution—be sure he is at least four inches smaller than you.

—o—

GIRL AS PORTIA IN MERCHANT OF VENICE FORGETS LINES — FRESH MEAT TODAY

A novel scene was enacted in Hazing Hall yesterday when Miss Harriett Lucia forgot her lines in her role of Portia. The play was called "The Pushcart-Peddler of Milwaukee", written by some obscure dramatist of the sixteenth century named William Shakespeare, who is obviously trying to copy the style of our present-day genius, Mr. Robert Pokorny. Miss Lucia was supposed to enter the courtroom at the psychological moment and save some guy from losing a pound of rib steak. She was to pull a fast one on a Jewish moneylender about not letting any blood drip. (It seems the court just had a new carpet installed and they didn't want any gore on it—because blood in the middle of a new carpet kind of spoils the effect.) But Portia, nee Harriett Lucia, forgot her lines as I have said 3 or 7 times, which resulted in some uproarious fun for the audience. Imagine the humour of the situation when Minusahair or Shylock, as he was affectionately called, stepped up to the defendant and cut one-pound and one-eighth of breast of veal and when the defendant actually died from loss of blood the audience was overwhelmed with laughter. And when his gore dripped all over the new carpet many people were seen rolling in the aisles. What this reporter cannot understand, however, is the fact that Shylock, a Jew, would pay money for meat which was not Kosher.



FOOTBALL SQUAD — 1932

Murder in The Making

"There isn't any excitement in the restaurant business. That's one sure thing," muttered Nancy to Mamie, another waitress.

"Right," returned Mamie without stirring. Then nodding her head toward the door continued, "Your turn."

This conversation took place in a small but clean and tidy restaurant in New York City. The busiest part of the day was over, and at this time there were only a few late diners still in the establishment. When patrons came in slowly, Mamie and Nancy took turns waiting on them, and this is what Mamie meant when she said, "Your turn."

Nancy sighed, "All right, I'll wait on him."

The "him" Nancy referred to was a tall, distinguished-looking, well-dressed gentleman who walked as if he had had military training. His short cut hair was gray around the temples and his age was probably about fifty years. However, a short mustache gave his profession away, and Nancy correctly guessed that he was a doctor. He appeared to be meditating deeply upon something and he asked to be given a secluded spot that was partly partitioned off from the rest. Nancy handed him a menu with a polite but parrotlike, "Our blue plate special is very nice today, sir." As the doctor instead of looking at the menu began to look out of the window and gave no sign of having heard, Nancy repeated more loudly. This time the doctor started violently.

"Eh, did you say something?" And leaning in her direction he cupped his hand behind his ear. Again Nancy repeated, this time slowly and loudly. A faint smile flickered across the doctor's face. "You see I'm quite deaf," he said in an apologetic tone. Following Nancy's suggestion he ordered a blue plate special and as Nancy drifted away he called after her to make it two plates as he expected a friend in a few minutes.

When Nancy returned with the dinner she heard a voice other than the doctor's, and she surmised that the doctor's friend had arrived. Strangely enough the conversation was in low tones and Nancy wondered how the doctor could hear. As she came closer she caught a bit of the conversation and the words made her stop suddenly.

The newcomer had asked, "What shall we do with the old lady's body, doctor? If we shoot her we will have to do something to throw the police off the trail."

"Shooting is too clumsy," came the answer, "We can use a poison

that is almost untraceable and the coroner will blame the death on heart trouble. The poison gives that effect."

Nancy quickly came to a decision. It was plain enough to her that she had accidentally overheard two murderers calmly contemplating a prospect of their trade. She would bring in the meal and while the villainous doctor and his confederate were eating and plotting she would summon the police. She silently retraced her steps a little and then steeling herself for the ordeal, she approached again, this time taking great pains to make as much noise as possible to inform the murderers of her approach. The doctor's confederate was tall and broad shouldered. He was roughly dressed and needed a shave quite badly. "Just the type to be a murderer," thought Nancy as she rounded the partition that had shielded her before, the doctor secreted an object under the table with a quick movement of his hand. However, not before she had caught a glimpse of the object. Nancy gasped, and after dumping the dishes on the table, she half ran from the room.

She was positive of their guilt after she had overheard their conversation, and the evil-looking exterior of the doctor's companion, and the object she had seen the doctor try to hide under the table confirmed her convictions, for the object was small and black and Nancy was sure it was a revolver. She also recalled the former suspicious actions of the doctor. When he had come in he had acted as though some vital problem was weighing on his mind. He had started violently as though he had a guilty conscience when she had suggested that he order a blue plate special. He had been fairly near when she had spoken and yet, his companion was now speaking to him in a much lower tone than she had used and he was understanding very readily.

Nancy feverishly sought the manager, and finally succeeding in her quest she poured out her strange tale into his unbelieving ears. He called the police although he did so rather unwillingly because he thought the waitress surely must be mistaken and if she were, the matter would be hard to explain both to the police and to the supposed murderers.

Four policemen arrived in record time and after attentively listening to the waitress's story, two of them accompanied by the manager and the waitress, advanced quickly but silently to the partition where the villainous assassins were concocting their bloodthirsty plan of wholesale murder. The other two upon command stationed themselves at advantageous position near the door.

As the party neared the partition they could hear with difficulty

the low voices of the doctor and his rough confederate. The policeman in charge advanced cautiously to the thin wall separating them from the plotters and placed his ear against a crack.

"I guess you're right," the seedy looking man was saying. "If we kill him we will have to get rid of the old lady too, and poison will be the best way. Are you sure the coroner will call it heart failure and not find any traces of poison?"

This was enough for the policeman and drawing a pistol he jumped forward and cried, "Throw up your hands."

"Why, what's wrong, officer?" Began the doctor, "We—"

"Drop that," yelled the policeman, for he had caught sight of a black object in the doctor's right hand.

In the meantime, the other policeman had rapidly run around behind the two men and he too noticing the black object sprang forward and knocked it from the doctor's hand to the floor, where it was promptly pounced upon by the excited manager. "Why, this isn't a revolver. It's an ear-phone," broke out the manager.

"Then why did you try to hide it when I came in?" asked Nancy addressing the doctor.

"He is rather sensitive about his deafness, and he does not like to be seen with an ear-phone," spoke up the doctor's friend.

"See here, officer," angrily sputtered the doctor, "I'm sure we do not deserve this treatment."

The policeman was about to reply when the doctor's companion, noticing the terrified look on the waitress's face, began to roar with laughter. "I guess we can explain this," he began. "You see, I'm writing a book called 'The Strange Fate of the Bennett Family' and the doctor here is helping me. Oh really, you can't judge me by my clothes because I've just been hiking," he said, noticing the doubtful look on the policemen's faces. "I think I can prove to you that I am Andrew Scoville, the writer, and that this man is Doctor Winston, the celebrated and very capable surgeon."

The writer and doctor established their identity satisfactorily and left.

When peace was again restored Mamie walked over to Nancy and said, "Now that we can talk again, please continue telling me all about the boring life of the poor waitress."

Nancy was too much absorbed in admiring a five dollar bill she had found under one of the plates to answer this sarcasm.

Norman Briggs, '33.



GHOST-WATCH

Robin Davien gazed about her apprehensively. The empty taxi, rattling away into the distance, was the only sound to break the stillness.

"Well, m'dear, you begged for it," she muttered grimly, "and now you have it. Hah—

Behind me lies the town of Ware,
Behind, the joys of company—
Before me, not a ghost in sight,
Before me only gloomy trees!
And — the House of Clyde!"

The House of Clyde indeed — a sinister stone mansion several miles from the nearest town, so mysterious that several movie plots had used it as their central "Manse of Murder." Naturally, being two centuries old, it was haunted.

The ghost of Sir Henry of Clyde strictly observed the conventions. Never walking the grounds without wearing the customary white, it always waited until 3 A. M. on Friday the thirteenth to utter a blood-chilling, demoniacal laugh.

Tonight, Thursday the twelfth, there was a dim moon. Despite this, Robin watched on her flashlight as she ascended the gravel walk to the doorway. The insecure, rusty hook, fastening the rotting wooden door, yielded to a kick.

The interior needs no description. It was the usual thing; Robin had seen duplicates on the screen many times. Dust and cobwebs covered a few antique tables and chairs. She dusted one of the latter and seated herself gingerly on it.

"If the thing collapses" — she murmured. It didn't. Candles were extracted from her suitcase.

"These help wonderfully! Now have I the nerve to make a tour of the house? Come, you coward, — nothing will bite you!" she admonished herself severely, and set off with her flashlight.

Robin didn't make a habit of this sort of thing. Some one had been needed to write a feature article for the Sunday edition of the "Clarion."

"A blood-curdler, especially for people with weak hearts. 'A Night in the Haunted House of Clyde.' It'll knock them over!" explained one of the editors.

The whole staff jumped at the chance. Suds, a red-headed lad with whom Robin was eternally bickering, had been chosen tentatively. But Robin out-pleaded even him, and got the assignment.

"But just wait—" the rest said darkly. "You'll never stick it out alone all night" he predicted genially. "If you do, though, I'll—I'll take you to dinner at the Waldorf."

A shout went up.

"You're safe in promising it!"

"Munificence can go no farther!"

"Will you take her out wearing The Socks?"

"The Socks" were a standing joke with the staff. They were purple and pink plaid, with a dash of crimson and because of the sensation, Suds wore them constantly.

"The only pair in New York," he always announced proudly. No one doubted it.

"Nevertheless"—Robin was speaking grimly—"I shall return with an authentic ghost story, having spent the night in the House of Clyde."

And here she was.

Her inspection revealed a similar condition in each of the thirty or forty rooms spreading over several stories. It was ten P. M. as she settled herself in her chair for the night.

"If Sir Henry takes an evening stroll, won't I have a story! Here's hoping . . . I really am all kinds of a fool to do this . . . but the gang will feel foolish when I return tomorrow . . . I always keep my word . . . and this is such fun!"

Eleven o'clock . . . twelve . . . one . . . two . . . the wind howled like a lost soul outside. Robin shook off her drowsiness and shifted her position. The candles renewed from time to time, were burning lower and lower.

"What a place for a murder," she thought mechanically—and then the hackneyed phrase took on a new significance.

Robin shuddered, and tried to think of something else. Rats nibbled within the walls.

What was that? . . . Somewhere a door had slammed . . . half-past two . . . ten to three . . .

Robin's drooping eyelids lifted suddenly. Footsteps? . . . Yes!

Somewhere in the upper regions something was moving . . . moving . . . walking . . . louder in a moment . . . near the stairs . . . nearer . . . slowly . . . pat-pat . . . but surely . . . nearer . . . at the head of the stairs . . .

Robin had thought she was fearless, but now only terror glued her to the spot. She was paralyzed

Step . . . step . . . step . . . unhurried . . . even . . . down the long flight of stairs—a narrow hall concealed them from her . . . closer . . . step . . . the candles flickered . . . in the hall . . . coming . . . coming . . .—at the door!

A white figure; Robin's gaze traveled from top to bottom—shapeless but tall . . . white . . . very white . . . in the dim light it was awful!

Suddenly Robin found her voice. It was a little shaky as, "How will you know when it's three o'clock, so you can yodel?" she queried brightly.

The figure remained motionless.

"Am I intruding?" she continued. "Just let me know if you're being inconvenienced! And can't I open the door for you?" She carried out the action.

The ghost of Sir Henry glided on. Step . . . step . . . with majesty . . . through the open door . . . down the walk—a dim shape disappearing through the trees. The sound of a distant church bell came to Robin's ears as she stood rigid at the door. At the same instant the famous peal of laughter rose from among the trees . . . rose and died away into the stillness . . . —Robin collapsed on the floor, sobbing hysterically one minute, laughing the next. But soon she had composed herself.

"And for once little Robin almost lost her nerve!" she murmured. "Well it's going to make some story!"

It did! Everyone took the editor's attitude.

"My dear," he proclaimed solemnly, "you have the makings of a fine newspaper woman. Such a flourishing imagination is your greatest asset!"

On Monday, Robin dined at the Waldorf.

Suds (it was pay day) took her home in a taxi. As he left her at her door, still amiably quarreling, she called him back.

"Suds—"

"Yes?"

"Confidentially" — she was going in — "the next time you play ghost, don't wear 'The Socks' under a sheet that's too short!"

Myrtle Ilsley, '36.

ENGRAVINGS IN STEEL

Foaming were the cups
Filled with bubb'ling wine;
Jests were bandied forth
Toasts proposed and quaffed;
Through the noisy mirth
Rose an angry shout;
O'er the laces white
Trickled streams of red;
Oaths resounded clear
Utter silence now;
"You I challenge Sir!"
"And I accept your glove!"
"Gentlemen give pause—"
"Insults must be purged!"
"Lying tongues must cease!"
Now the space is cleared,
Doublets thrown aside;
Blade caresses blade,
Dust flies from the boards;
Sparkling are the swords,
Sparkling more the eyes;
"Use thy secret thrust!"
Shouts an eager voice;

Round the circle clear
Wary duelists tread;
Husbanding their strength
Seeking careless guards;
Swiftly speeds the lunge
Cobra's rival—ah!—
Slowly drops a sword
Foible carmine stained;
Slower sinks a form
On the tavern floor;
Sinister the hue
Seeping through the lace;
Ghastlier the hue spreading
on the face
Tortured is the scream
Of the sufferer's cry;
Anguished more the face
Of the vanquisher.
Foaming are the cups
Filled with bubb'ling wine;
Yet the jests are stilled
And no toasts are raised.

Edward Lucia, '33

ABOUT BEN ADAM

The average student, may his tribe increase,
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room—
Making it rich like apple sauce in bloom—
A whoozis—writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made our student bold;
So to the whoozis in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The whoozis raised its head
And said with voice as gentle as a dove,
"The names of those who do their teachers love!"
"And is mine one?" said studie. "Nay, you bloke,"
Replied the whoozis. Studie then did croak,
But cheerily still he said, "I pray you might
Write me as one who feels them day and night."
The whoozis wrote and vanished. The next eve
It came again, as you shall now perceive,
And wrote the names whom many "E's" had blest;
And lo—our student's name led all the rest.

Richard Baer, '35

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MEAT

"She struck that iceberg, sir! There's a great big hole in her side and water's pouring into the engine-room! No chance to save her."

"I'll have an S. O. S. sent. Are they bailing her?"

"Yes, but the tub will sink in an hour!"

"Come, let's go to the engine-room!"

As the captain stepped on deck, he felt a strange chill and noticed that the moon and the stars were blotted out by a heavy curtain of clouds, and that the sea had grown turbulent. On the right side of the ship loomed a tall, translucent mass of indefinite shape, which the captain knew was the iceberg.

The captain and the mate had to fight their way through the people swarming the deck. There were tearful women, their hair dishevelled, terror-stricken children, clutching their mothers tightly; bleary-eyed men, fighting like brutes to get to the captain. The latter, his face drawn and grave, tried to pacify them, but met with little success. Moans, prayers, importunities, shrieks, questions, reached his ears on every side.

"You'd better man the boats."

"Did you———?"

"Oh, God! Help us."

After what seemed an interminable period of time, he reached the engine-room. One look sufficed to let him know that the water was pouring in three times as fast as it was being pumped out.

From the engine-room, he fought his way to the radio-operator's cabin. At a word the operator was flashing out a distress call for ships in the vicinity to pick up. Five minutes elapsed without any answer. The operator suddenly crouched down nearer the set.

"It's been picked up; he wants our position."

Again he turned to the key as the ship gave a lurch to the right. The faces of both men wore expressions of expectancy and resolution. The face of the operator fell as he transcribed the message.

Twenty minutes dragged slowly by, but each answer was farther away than the first. The captain left the cabin with orders that he was to be notified if a message should arrive.

On deck, the crowd had swelled to a countless mob. One of the crew from the engine-room pushed his way to where the captain stood.

"The boilers will blow up in about twenty minutes! We can't keep the water down!"

His announcement stirred the already ungovernable crowd to a frenzy. Men threatened the captain with violence; women pleaded to him that he save them.

"Tell the boys to come on deck; I'm going to need their help to lower these lifeboats."

Within three minutes all the crew save the radio-operator were on deck. With orders that women and children should be lowered first with only a few men to work at the oars, men fought each other to be the chosen ones. Slowly the first boat was lowered with its human cargo, and, as it touched the waves, it shot forth with a strong pull of the oars.

As the boats were being lowered, the captain, directing the work, could see the cold, hard, white gleam of shark's teeth far below. He had been surprised to see them following the ship so far north for whatever meat might be cast from it, and had marvelled at their grace. Thinking of the many who would be adrift, he shuddered at the sight of these ruthless, man-eating beasts of the ocean.

He could still see them as the next to last boat was being lowered. Suddenly there was a snap, a chorus of shouts and screams as the occupants were hurtled into the sea. A rope had snapped! On the spot beneath was soon playing a light from the ship, in whose beams parts of bodies and ravenous sharks were seen. The sharks' time had come; they were having their meat!

The last boat was lowered by the captain and the radio-operator. It waited below, ready to pick them up when they jumped. A figure appeared at the side of the ship's rail, poised itself a moment, and then dropped over the side into the inky blackness. Within a few moments the operator was aboard the life-boat. No second figure appeared, however.

"Captain Brady! Captain Brady!" A vain call. A few moments later the life-boat drew away from the ill-fated ship, lacking one of its quota, the captain. The temporarily occupied shaws stayed with their game.

Hardly had the boat reached a safe distance before a terrific explosion and expulsion of steam from the ship testified that the water had reached the boilers. Quickly the hulk sank. The captain and his ship, inseparable companions for the past five years, went down together into the greedy maw of the ocean.

John Landers, '34.

THE CRASH

Robert Pokorny, '33.

Oliver J. McTwist was neither a thief nor a madman.

He was a genius.

Although his job as bank cashier was sordid and banal, his thoughts rose far above the commonplace. As he counted out banknotes, his mind was not on his work. He acted as if he were an automaton, a robot, a puppet manipulated by the invisible threads of habit. As surely as his body was seated upon the curious high stool behind the iron grill, his soul was at home, in his sanctum sanctorum. For Oliver had a harp, and the golden melodies that resounded from that thing of beauty, when Oliver's skillful fingers played lightly over the strings, could bring tears to the eyes of even little Tony, the bootblack.

But one day Oliver's landlord, being a shrewd man, set his own house on fire to collect the heavy insurance. Thoughtless fellow! He neglected to inform and thus warn his sole tenant, and consequently when Oliver came home, after work, he found a mass of charred, smoking ruins and not even a trace of his beloved harp.

Of course, he was rather nettled. In fact, as he roared at his landlord, his eyes bulged so much that you could almost knock them off with a cane. But rage, as you soon see, gained him nothing.

Luckily, next day was payday, and Oliver gladly received his seventy-five dollar check, all he had in the world besides the clothes he wore. But seventy-five dollars would not buy another harp—and how could he live without his harp?

As Oliver sat on the park bench that memorable night of October 23, 1929, he tried in vain to think of a way to raise ten thousand dollars. Think of it! All these capitalist swine rolling in wealth and luxury, and poor Oliver starving in a garret on seventy-five dollars a week, unable to buy that which, to him, was more dear than food, comfort,—even life itself!

As he sat there pensively, John, the bank janitor, sided toward him, a happy smile spread all over his grizzled face. John was counting a large wad of fifty-dollar bills, aloud.

Oliver awoke from his stupor. Seeing the roll of yellowbacks, he exclaimed reproachfully, "John, have you been taking samples again?"

With a snort of disdain John countered, "Nah, whad'dye think I am, a crook?"

Oliver learned, after further questioning, that John had been playing the rapidly rising stock market.

"Sure, I'm quitting toomorrow," said the janitor superciliously, "and getting myself a country home out on de Island. Chauffeur and all."

Five o'clock—time to quit.

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"I guess they won't miss it," soliloquized Oliver as he furtively slipped a neat bundle of fifty one-thousand dollar bills in his pocket. "Anyway, it's only for a day or so."

So he took the fifty thousand dollars and bought four hundred and sixty odd shares of Consolidated Doorknob, Inc., and held for a rise, intending to sell the following day.

That was October twenty-eighth.

The next day, he would take a rest. He needed it, and they wouldn't mind, at the bank. Perhaps he could say he was sick . . .

He slept until two o'clock, undisturbed by the clamoring newsboys beneath his window. Finally he was awakened by a particularly persistent little fellow. As he looked out of the window to admonish the diminutive paper vendor, he caught a glimpse of the headlines. It was an extra.

He threw on his clothes like one insane, and dashed out of his room as if the Devil fresh from Hell were in hot pursuit, not forgetting, however, to pick up one of the flattened pennies he had prepared for such an emergency.

At the telephone booth he called his broker. The line was busy.

Half an hour later, he managed to sell his stock outright at half its original price.

They found him lying on the kitchen floor, the empty bottle beside him.

Too bad he had to confine his harp playing to this world alone . . .



TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD

And what is so rare as a subway seat?
Then, if ever, you hold your weight.
Fat people try to stand on your feet,
And on your corns the sharp heels grate.
Whether you yell or whether you mutter
They keep on standing; you start to sputter.
Every toe feels a stir of pain
And aches within it that mount and gain;
So, groping blindly above for his nose,
You climb to his height and release your toes.

Gwendolyn Gates, '33

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SKY ARMY

I see a man in the heavens at night
When the stars flood the earth below with light
He carries a torch as he stands on high
In his moonlit kingdom of the sky.
'Tis the man in the moon and his army of stars.
His torch is the moon; how it shines from afar!
The stars form in line as he gives his command;
To lieutenant the North Star he waves his hand.
They make a formation; it's quite an array;
The great dipper it's called, so I've heard men say.
The sky is a kingdom far away that I see
The stars seem to be real people to me.

Gertrude Elmslie, '36

FUTILITY

Hast e'er flown a kite
In the pitch of the night
And tried to see it there?
Or unsullied hands
On darkened strands
With arrival of light
Seen fair?
Consider then the plight
Of one who dyes her hair!

Stephen Guty.

BLACK

I like black:
Soft velvets worn by a cool, still lady;
Black of cubby holes that sends up fragile wisps of dust
To mark intruding fingers;
Black shining ice with the powdery traces of
Skates dull upon it
And black skies—unmarred by the perfection of a single star.

Elizabeth Koeniger.

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Diogenes lived in a tub . . .

and was a Cynic.* There are various explanations of how he got that way—but no matter; he was right about at least two things: in the first place, he knew what he wanted (an honest man, if we remember rightly), and in the second place, he went after what he wanted (he did not leave his lantern in his tub, either). Most successful merchants are like that. They know what customers they want, and they take the proper steps to get them.

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3. THAT students are the citizens of tomorrow. They are reached now, while they are in the most impressionable age. Habits of buying built in them now will carry over into later years.
4. THAT parents can be reached through the high school paper.

*Cynic—That's Greek for Perpetual Grouch. Yes, we looked it up.

The above is taken from a letter sent to merchants in the town of Great Neck, Long Island, by the staff of the High School newspaper in that community.

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